

SEPTMBER

No.13

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

GAMBLES
against
DEATH
with
MR. HAZARD!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

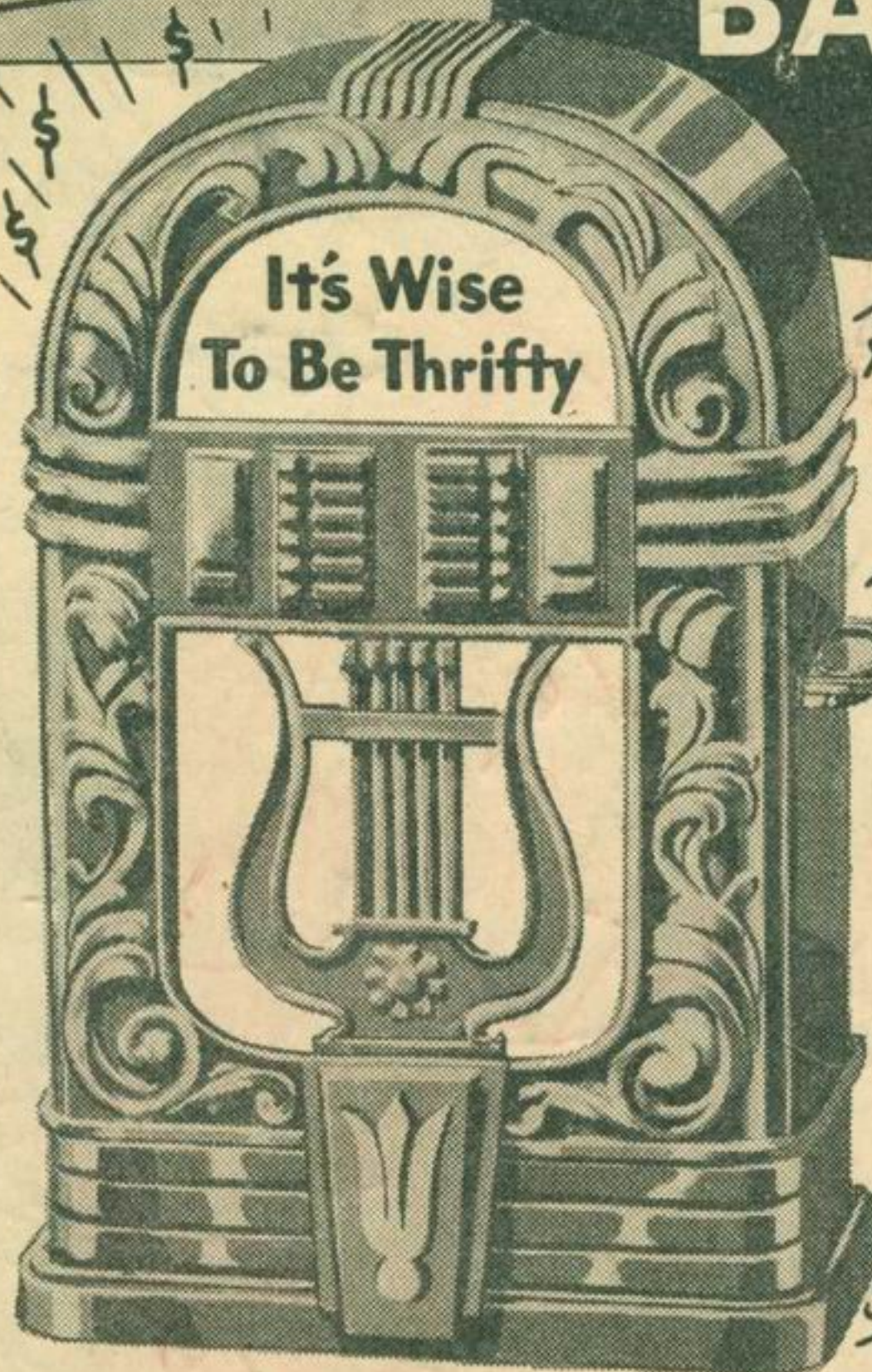
JUKE BOX BANK

**A Real Money-Maker
For You . . . Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and **we** pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

**Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!**

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



*Sturdy
Steel
Construction*

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and **we** pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



**famous
Simplex PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER**

Only \$2.98
Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!
It's Easy!
It's Efficient!
It's Accurate!*

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...

...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

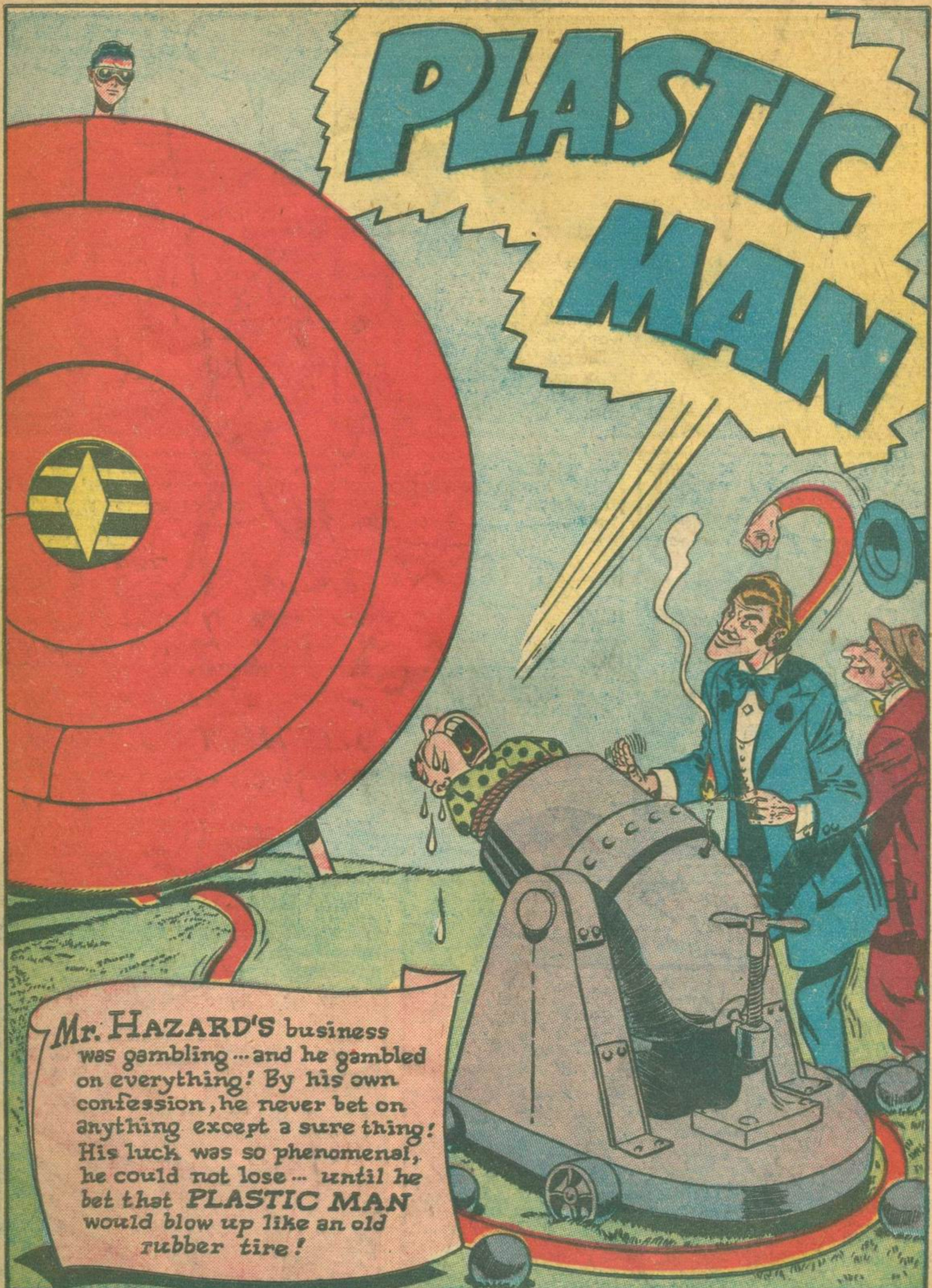
Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey Kids! . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-63

PLASTIC MAN



Mr. HAZARD'S business was gambling ... and he gambled on everything! By his own confession, he never bet on anything except a sure thing! His luck was so phenomenal, he could not lose ... until he bet that **PLASTIC MAN** would blow up like an old rubber tire!

PLASTIC MAN

Aboard a gambling ship, two men play cards for high stakes...

NINETEEN!
I'LL HOLD WITH
THAT, CRICO!
WHAT'S
YOURS?

EIGHTEEN!

TOO BAD! YOU
LOSE AGAIN!

BUT THEN, MR
HAZARD ALWAYS
WINS! NOW I
MUST LEAVE
YOU...

NOT THIS
TIME, YOU
SWINDLING
CARDSHARP!

YOU'VE WON FROM ME FOR THE LAST
TIME! I'M PLAYING MY TRUMP CARD!
IT DEALS SIX ACES... AND THEY'RE
ALL IN SPADES!

THREE TO ONE YOU
DON'T REACH THE
DOCK!

THAT'S ONE
BET YOU LOSE, MR. HAZARD!
HA! HA! NOBODY CAN STOP JOHNNY
CRICO NOW! I HAD MY
GETAWAY PLANNED!

HALT OR
WE FIRE!

A POLICE
LAUNCH?

THEY
WON'T
GET
ME!

PLASTIC MAN

HE'S RUNNING FOR IT! SHALL WE LET HIM HAVE IT?

I DON'T BELIEVE IT WILL BE NECESSARY!

I'LL HANDLE THIS MYSELF!

YIII!
PLASTIC MAN!

WATER-SKIING IS FUN!
AND I DON'T NEED ANY EQUIPMENT!

GLUGHHH!

BUT YOU
DON'T SEEM TO
ENJOY THE
SPORT!

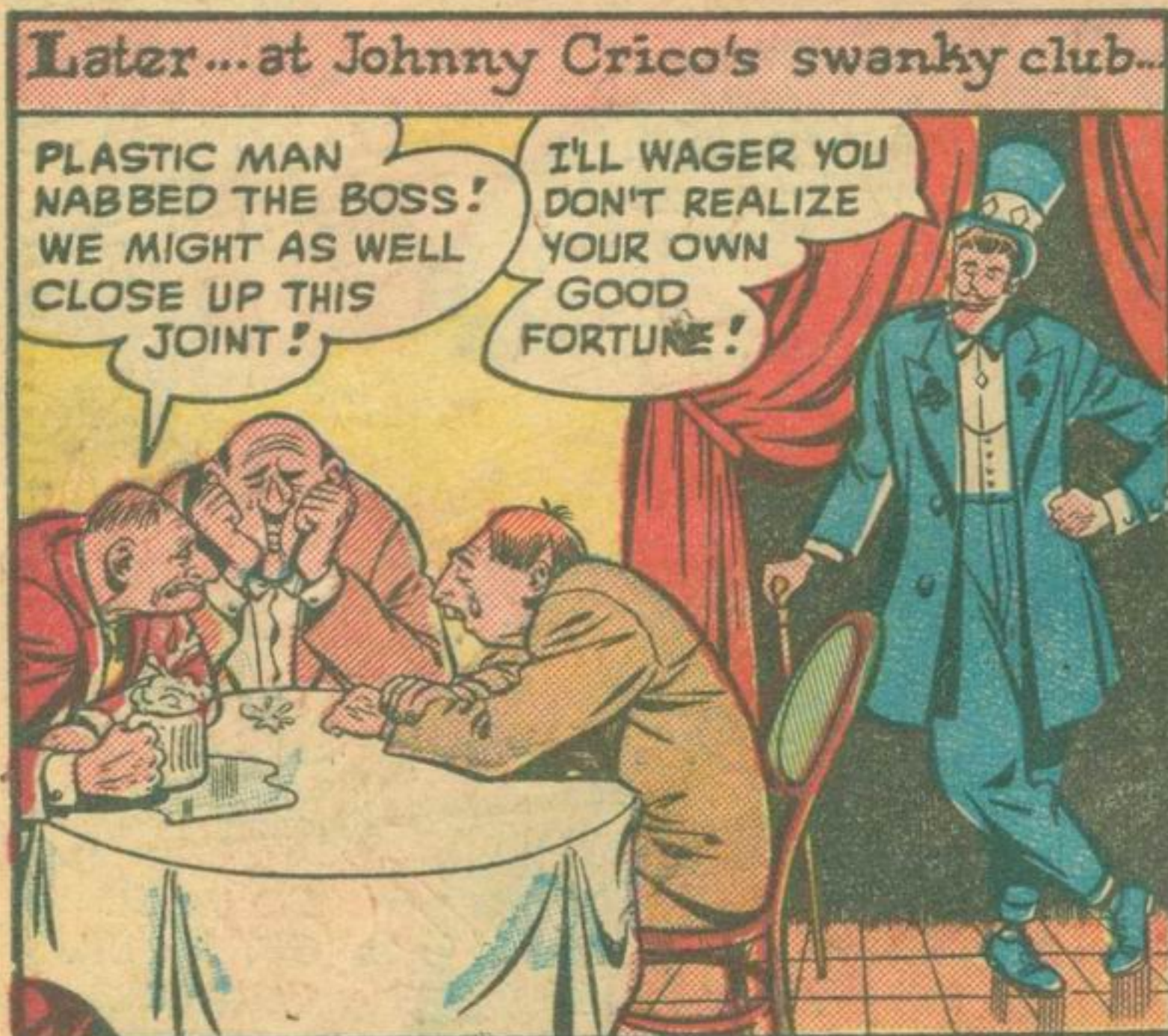
SO WE'LL
GET RIGHT
DOWN TO
BUSINESS!

UHHH!

DID I HEAR
YOU SAY
SOMETHING?

I...I
SURRENDER!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



Later...

I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES! A PHONE CALL TO THE COPS... AND I CAN COLLECT THAT HUNDRED GRAND MYSELF!

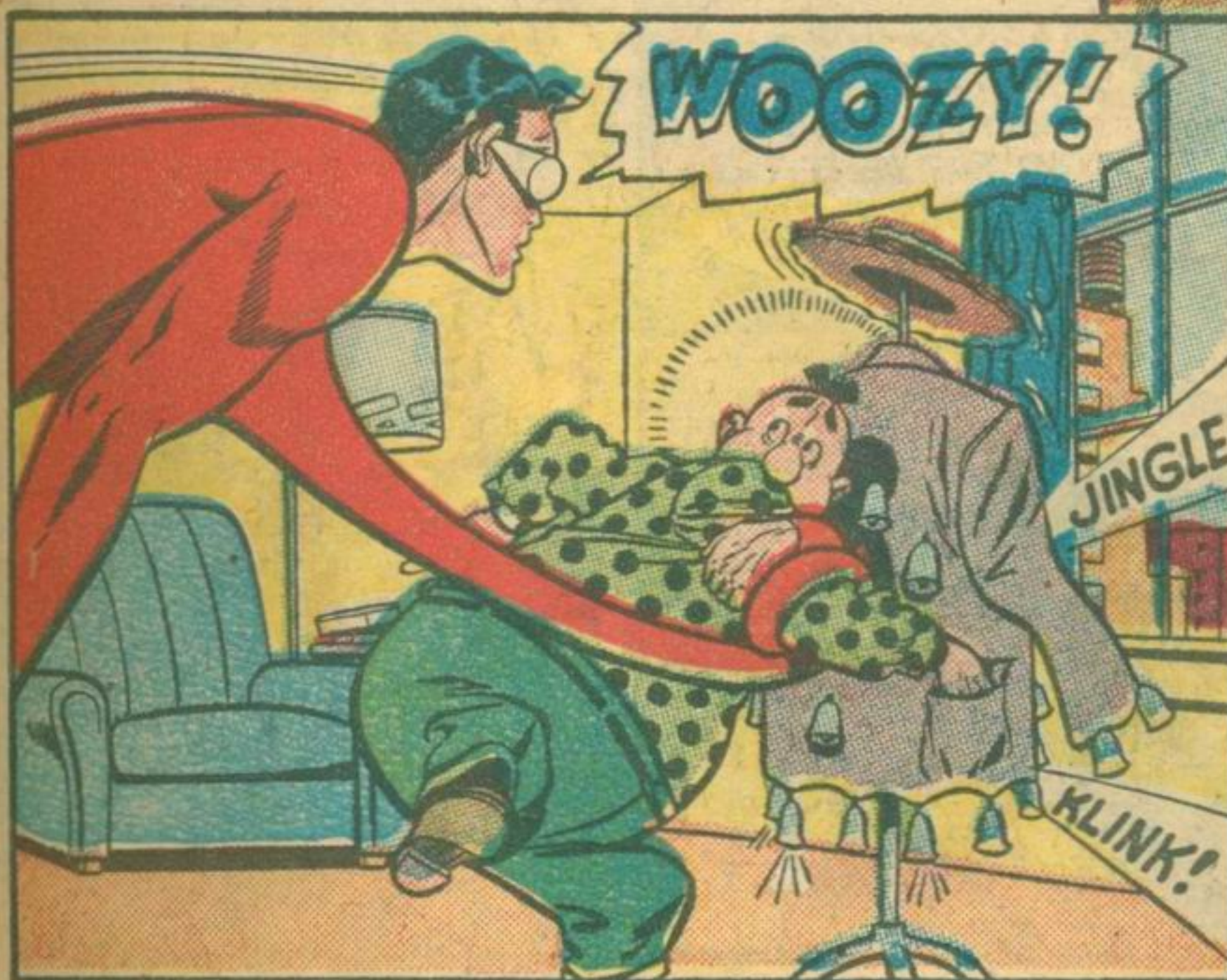


I'LL SKIP OUT ON THE JOB BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE! THEY'LL NAB HAZARD AND THE REST OF THE GANG... AND I'LL NAB THE DOUGH!



Meanwhile...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE THE TINKLING OF BELLS!



WOOZY!

JINGLE

KLINK!



GOLLY, PLAS, I WAS JUST PRACTICING! I WASN'T ACTUALLY DOING ANYTHING WRONG!

I HOPED YOU'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THE OLD DAYS! INSTEAD, I FIND YOU PICKING THE POCKETS OF A RIGGED DUMMY!



I-I GUESS I'M JUST A MORAL WRECK! I'M NOT EVEN A GOOD PICKPOCKET ANY MORE! I SET OFF THE ALARM BELLS EVERY TIME I DIPPED MY HAND INTO THE DUMMY'S POCKET!

BRRRINNGGG!



HELLO! OF COURSE! I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP! I'LL LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!

SOMEONE'S GOING TO TRY TO STEAL THE DIAMOND CUP AWARDED TO THE WINNER OF THE GREAT NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE? I PROMISED THE POLICE THAT WE'D HELP OUT!

At the racetrack...

THEY'RE IN THE STRETCH!

DOWN IN FRONT!

3

STOP THAT, WOOLZY!

ULP! SORRY, PLAS...

THERE'S THE WINNING HORSE! THEY'RE ABOUT TO PRESENT THE DIAMOND CUP!

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO AWARD THIS INVALUABLE CUP TO THE WINNER...

NEVER MIND THE SPEECH! WE'LL TAKE THE PRIZE...

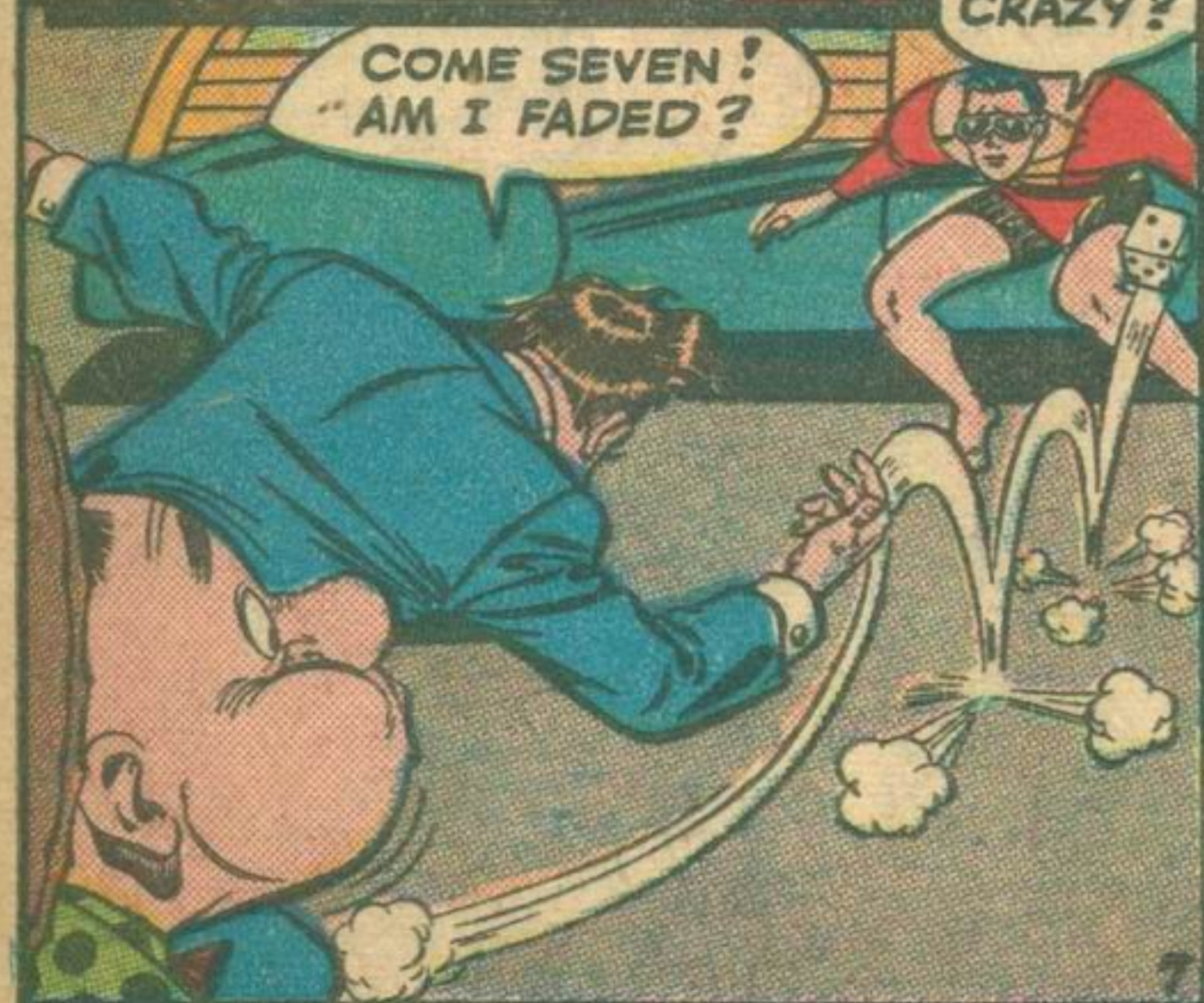
BUT... BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT'S ROBBERY!

I'D NEVER HAVE GUESSED IT! THANKS FOR TELLING ME!

PERHAPS THIS WILL MAKE HIS MEANING CLEARER!

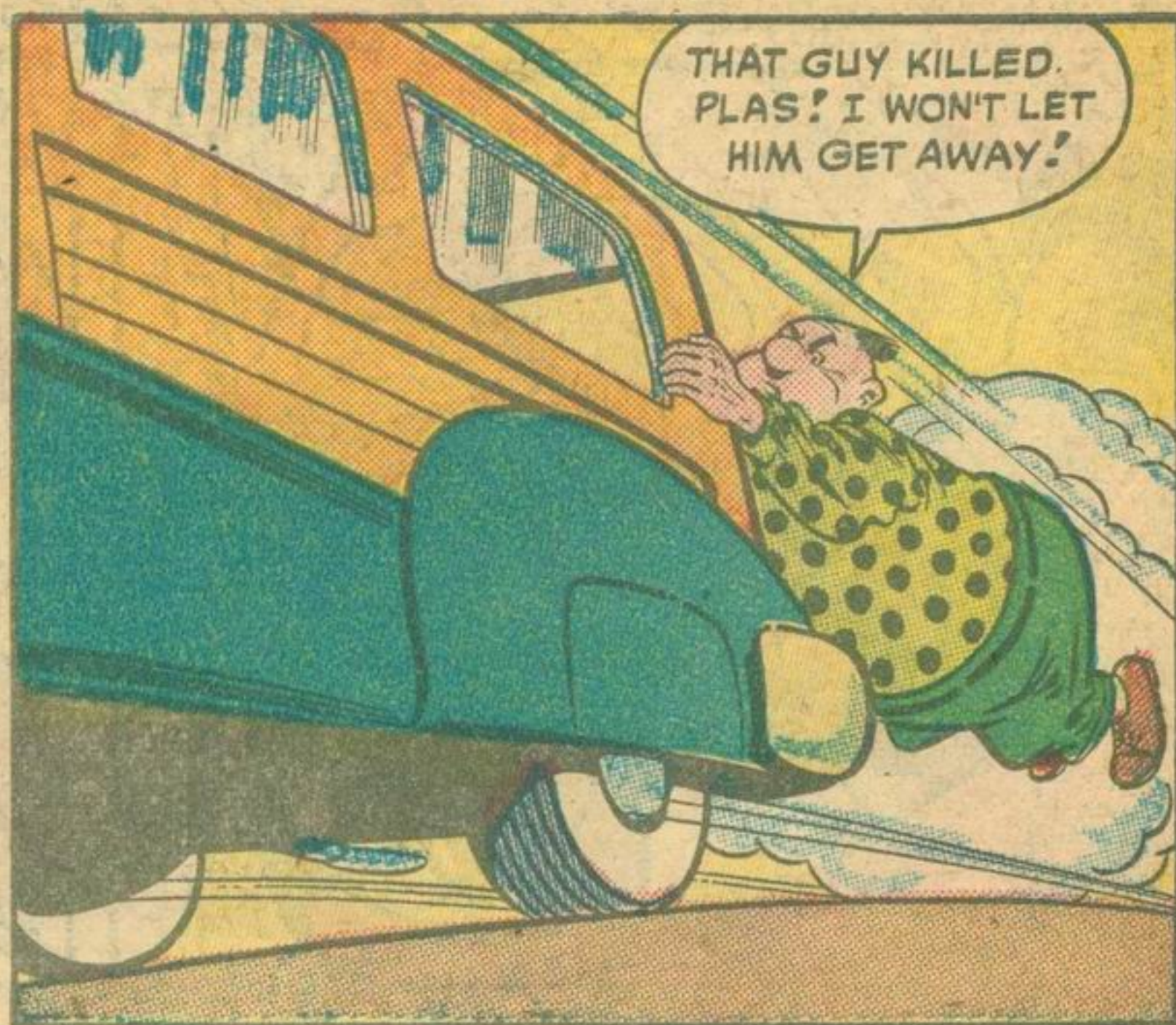
UGH!

PLASTIC MAN



WHAT TH--? HAS HE GONE CRAZY?

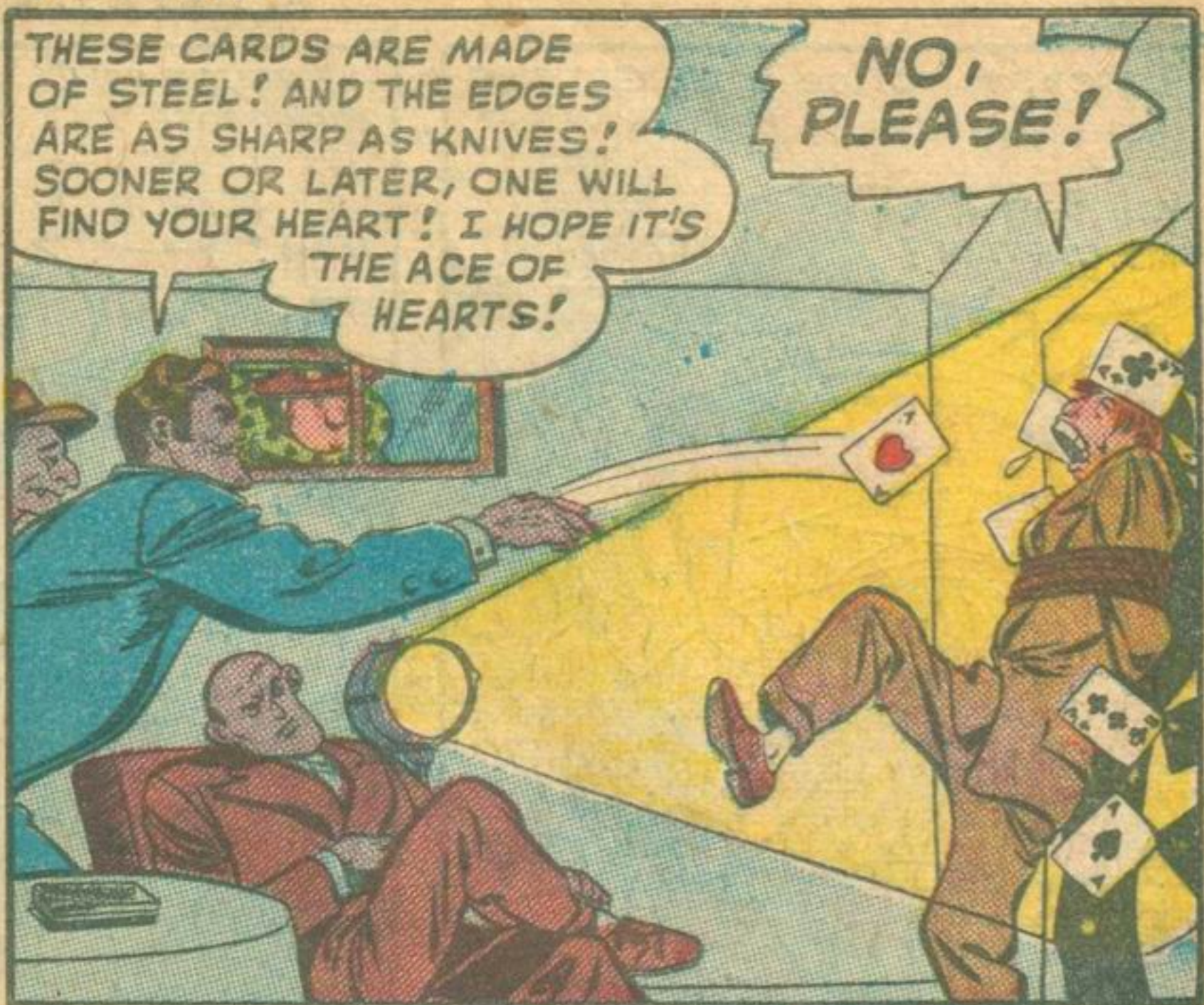




PLASTIC MAN



OH, THE FIEND!
HE CAN'T BE GOING
TO DO WHAT I
THINK HE'S
GOING TO
DO...



THESE CARDS ARE MADE
OF STEEL! AND THE EDGES
ARE AS SHARP AS KNIVES!
SOONER OR LATER, ONE WILL
FIND YOUR HEART! I HOPE IT'S
THE ACE OF
HEARTS!

NO,
PLEASE!



I CAN'T WATCH ANY
MORE! I'LL SNEAK
IN QUIETLY AND
RESCUE THAT
POOR FELLOW!

SQUEAKKK!

AGHHH!



DOGGONE IT! I
USETA BE ABLE TO
OPEN A WINDOW WITHOUT
MAKING ANY NOISE!

COME RIGHT
IN!



WELL, WELL! I
RECOGNIZE HIM!
THIS IS PLASTIC
MAN'S DUMB
STOOGES!

I AM
NOT A
STOOGES!



THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I
LOST MY BET ON ROBBING THE
GREAT NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE!
BUT I'LL MAKE IT
DOUBLE OR NOTHING...
THAT PLASTIC
MAN DIES!

YOU'RE
COVERED!
THAT'S
SUCKER
MONEY!



EVERYBODY'S TRIED
TO BUMP OFF THAT
COWARDLY RUBBER
MAN! IT JUST
CAN'T BE
DONE!

PLACE
YOUR
BETS!
THIS TIME
I'M SURE
NO ONE IS GOING
TO DOUBLE-
CROSS ME! IT'S
A SURE THING!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

On the abandoned golf course behind the clubhouse.



PLASTIC MAN





Plastic

Man shackles a pair of hot feet when their owner threatens to burn up law and order!

So strange was the speed and strength of the mysterious **JETS** that at first Plastic Man thought he was a myth!

But **JETS** was very real ...and so was the flaming fury with which he was shod!

At what might have been a very romantic moment in the life of Woozy Winks...

PARDON, MISS, BUT DIDN'T WE MEET IN... HEY!

ONE SIDE, YOU BUCKET OF LARD!

LARD BUCKET, AM I? WELL, YOU... COME BACK HERE, AND I'LL...

STOMP OVER HIM! HE AIN'T GOT NO RESPECT FOR THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW!

OWW!

OOOH...I'LL GET EVEN! I WON'T PAY MY TAXES...I WON'T BUY TICKETS TO THE POLICEMEN'S BALL...I...

ROUGHED YOU UP, DID THEY, WOOSY? AND ALL FOR NOTHING! I TOLD THE CHIEF THAT ALLEGED CRIMINAL CALLED JETS IS JUST AN OPTICAL ILLUSION!

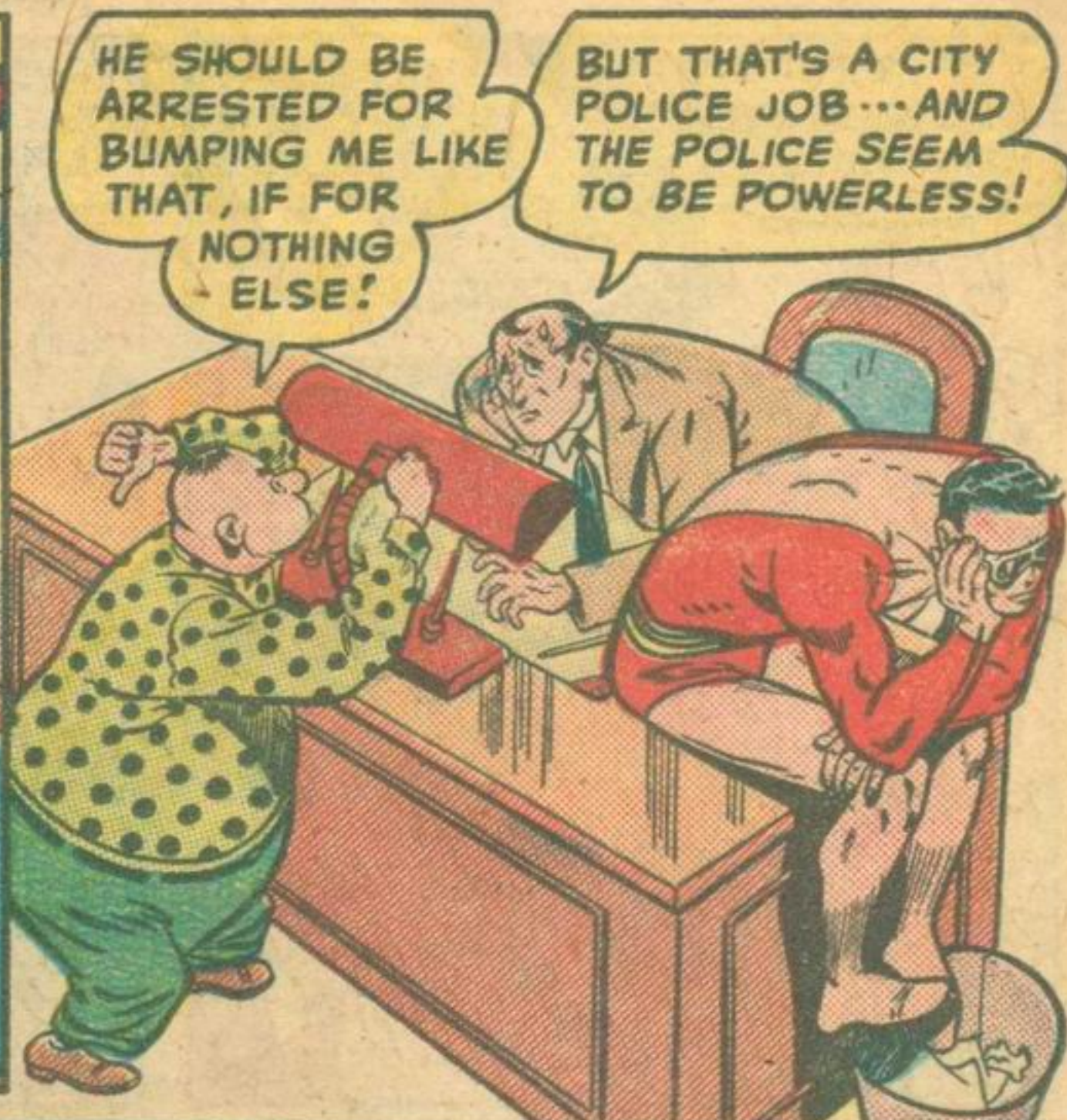
SOME CLEVER CROOK'S FAKING THAT FLYING FIGURE TO DRAW ATTENTION FROM HIS ROBBERIES... AND BIG ROBBERIES THEY ARE!

THIS ONCE YOU'RE WRONG, PLAS! IF WHAT PASSED BY HERE IS THE GUY CALLED JETS, HE'S A VERY SOLID CITIZEN INDEED...PHYSICALLY, THAT IS!

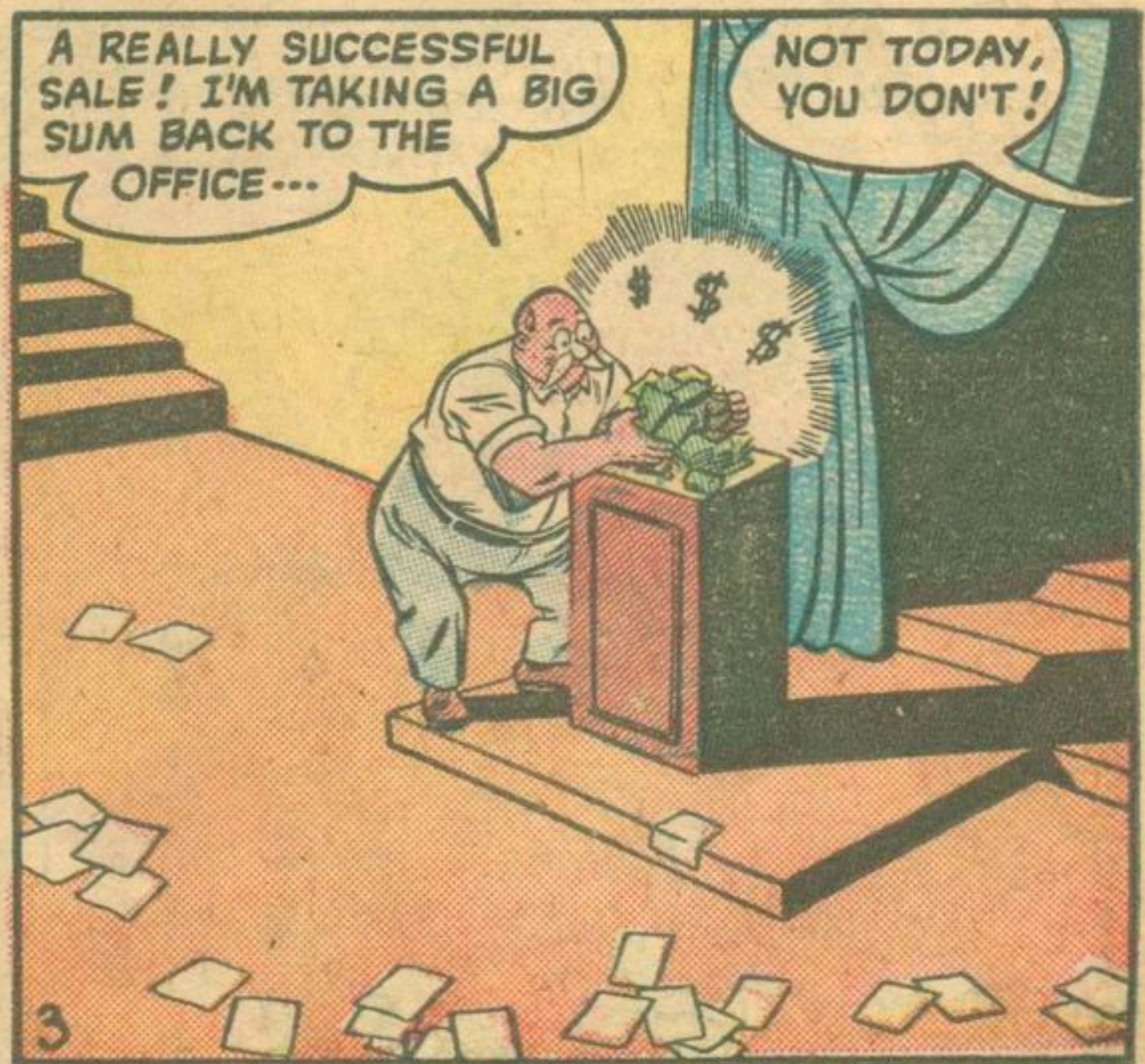
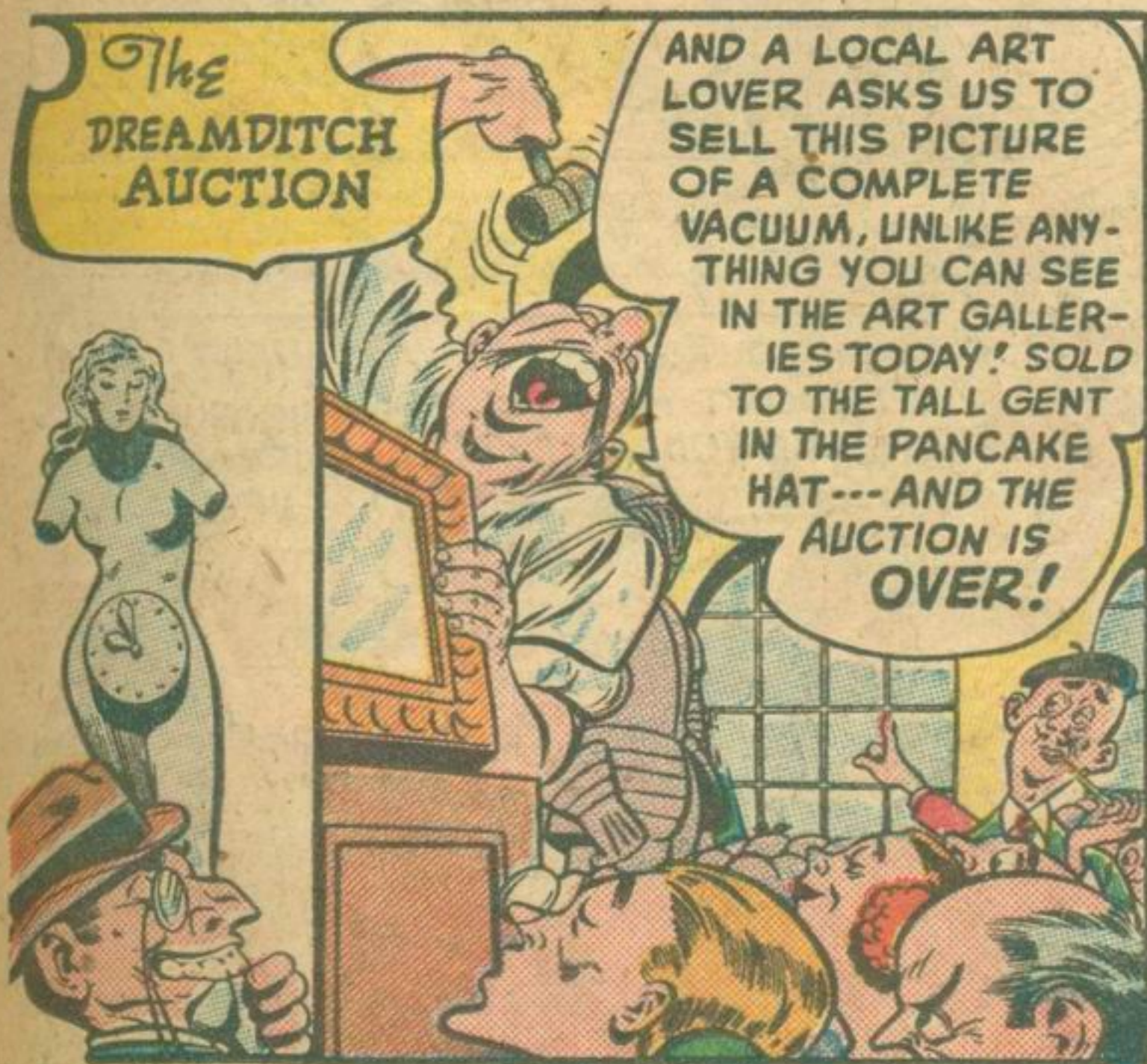
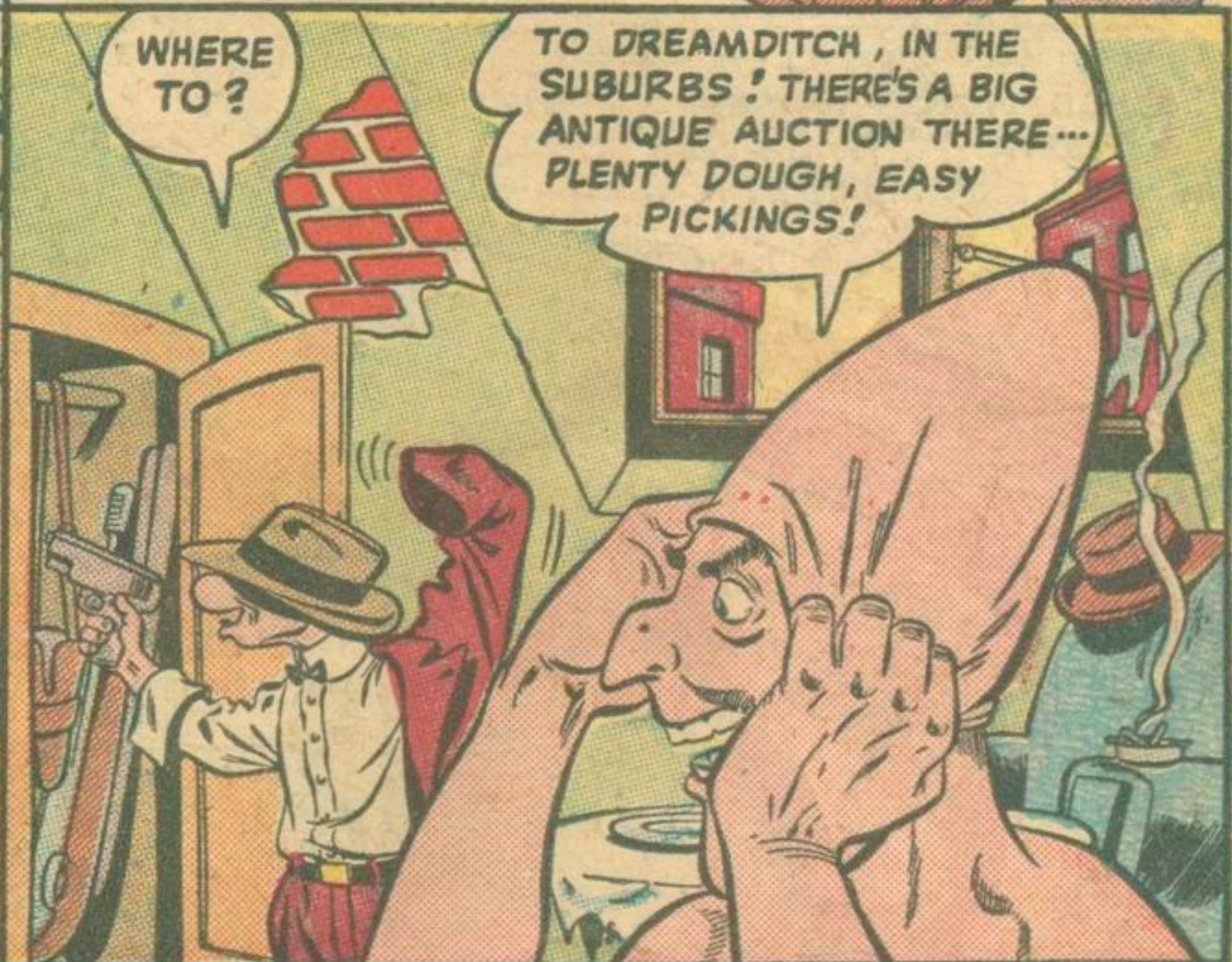
THOSE COPS WALKED ON MY FRONT! BUT I WAS HIT AN AWFUL BLOW ON THE REVERSE SIDE!

HMM! YES! A BRUISE... QUITE NOTICEABLE, TOO!

COME WITH ME TO HEADQUARTERS! WE'LL REPORT THIS!



The same opinion is offered elsewhere... in the underworld, for instance....



PLASTIC MAN



Dreamditch...and a moment of happy celebration...



PLASTIC MAN

YOWWW!
MY HAND! IT'S
LIKE A HUNK OF
BARBECUE!

YOU BETTA
SEE A DOCTOR!

HEY, MISTER,
CAN YOU TELL ME
WHERE THERE'S A
DOCTOR?

I'LL TAKE YOU TO
A **PRISON** DOCTOR!
I KNOW YOU BIRDS!
YOU MUST HAVE COME
HERE TO HELP JETS
WITH THAT AUCTION
ROBBERY!

HELP JETS, NOTHING!
HE HELPED HIMSELF...
TO **OUR** LOOT!
THERE HE GOES
SCOOTING AWAY
NOW!

ARREST
THESE MEN,
CONSTABLE!
I HAVE A DATE
UP IN THE SKY
WITH A MASTER
CRIMINAL!

Rolling him-
self into an
elastic ball,
Plastic Man
bounces high
in pursuit...

PLAS!
WAIT FOR
ME!

I CAN'T,
WOODY! JETS
WON'T WAIT FOR
ME!

HA! NEARLY TO
MY COUNTRY
HIDEAWAY....
WHAT'S THAT
AFTER ME?

PERMIT ME TO
INTRODUCE
MYSELF, JETS!
PLASTIC MAN!

PLASTIC MAN





AH, THESE ARE THE BONDS FROM THE HIGHBINDERS' TRUST COMPANY... AND HERE ARE THE MISSING HONEYSPOON EMERALDS!

INTERESTING, HUH? BUT SINCE YOU'VE TAKEN YOUR EYES OFF ME...



I'LL CREMATE YOU!

NOT SUCH A HOT IDEA, JETS!



AS I WAS SAYING, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

I STILL HAVE A TRICK, PLASTIC MAN!



GOOD-BYE!

HOLD ON!

POOM!



LATER I'LL BLOW YOUR LID OFF, TOO!

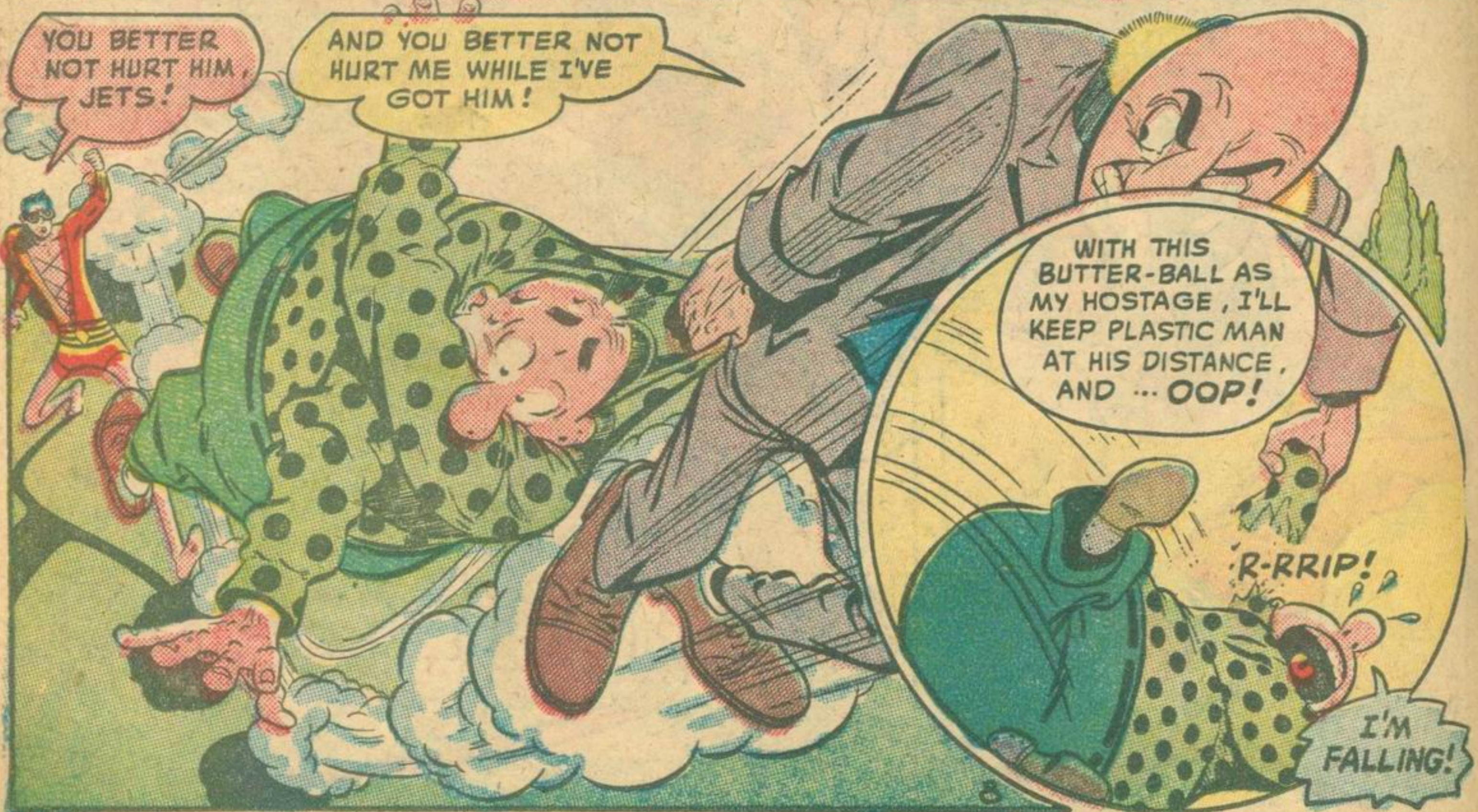
KERASH!

WHAM

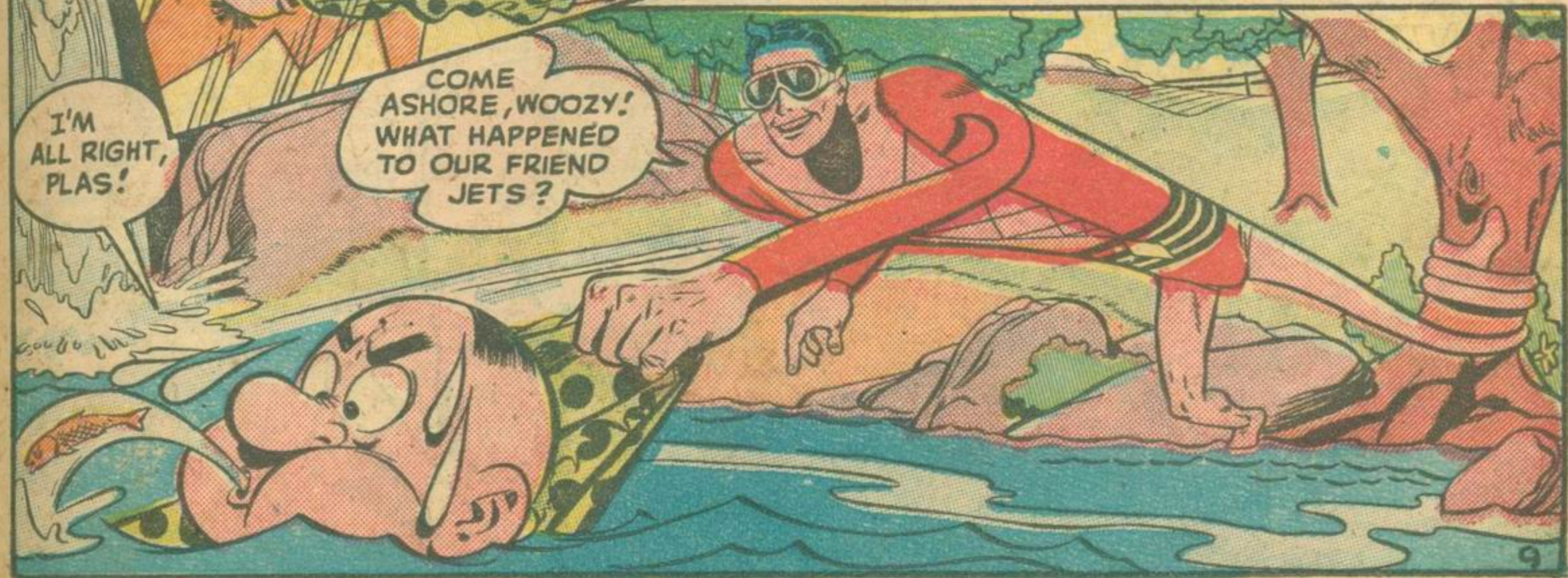
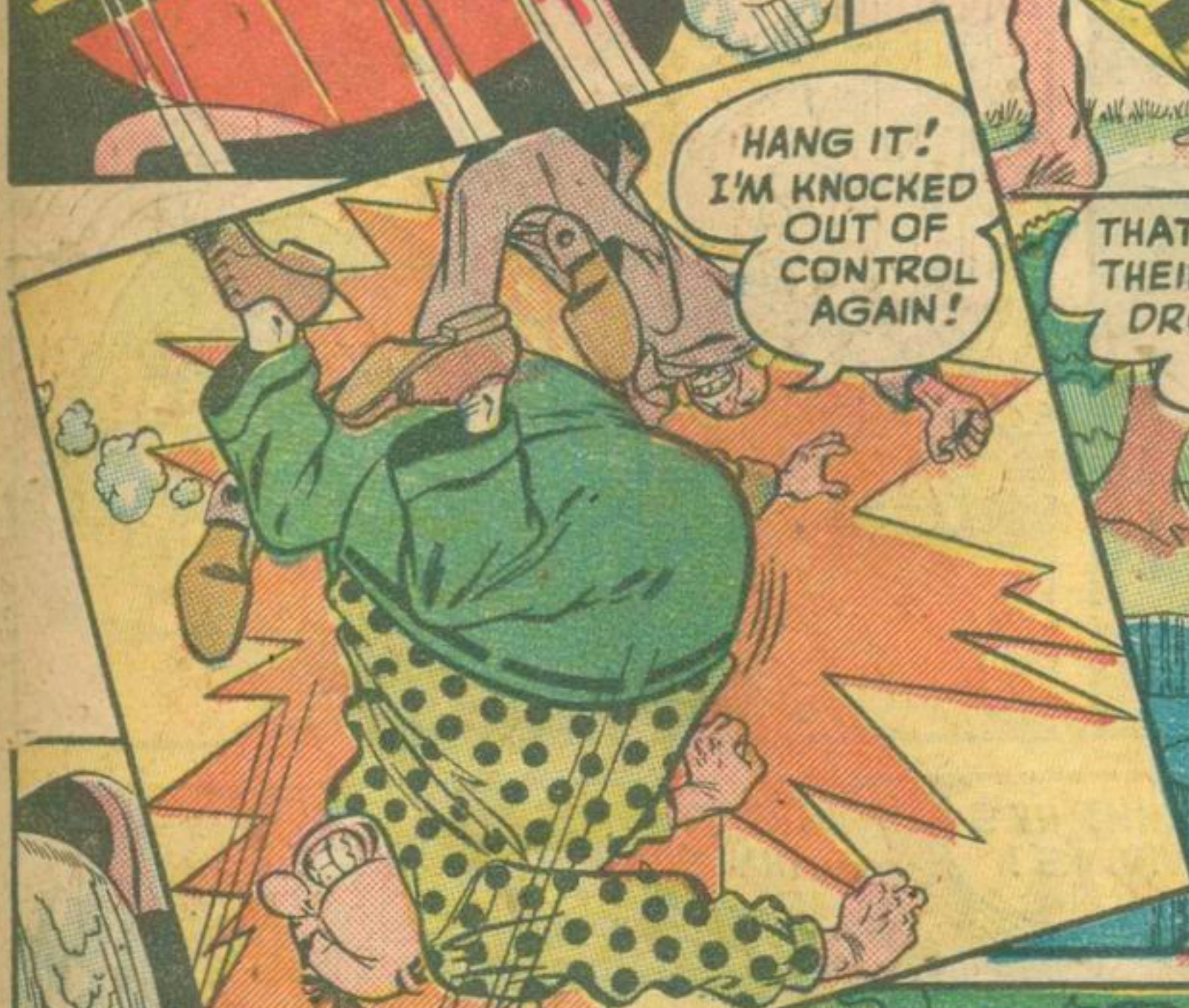
NOW...

NO YOU DON'T!

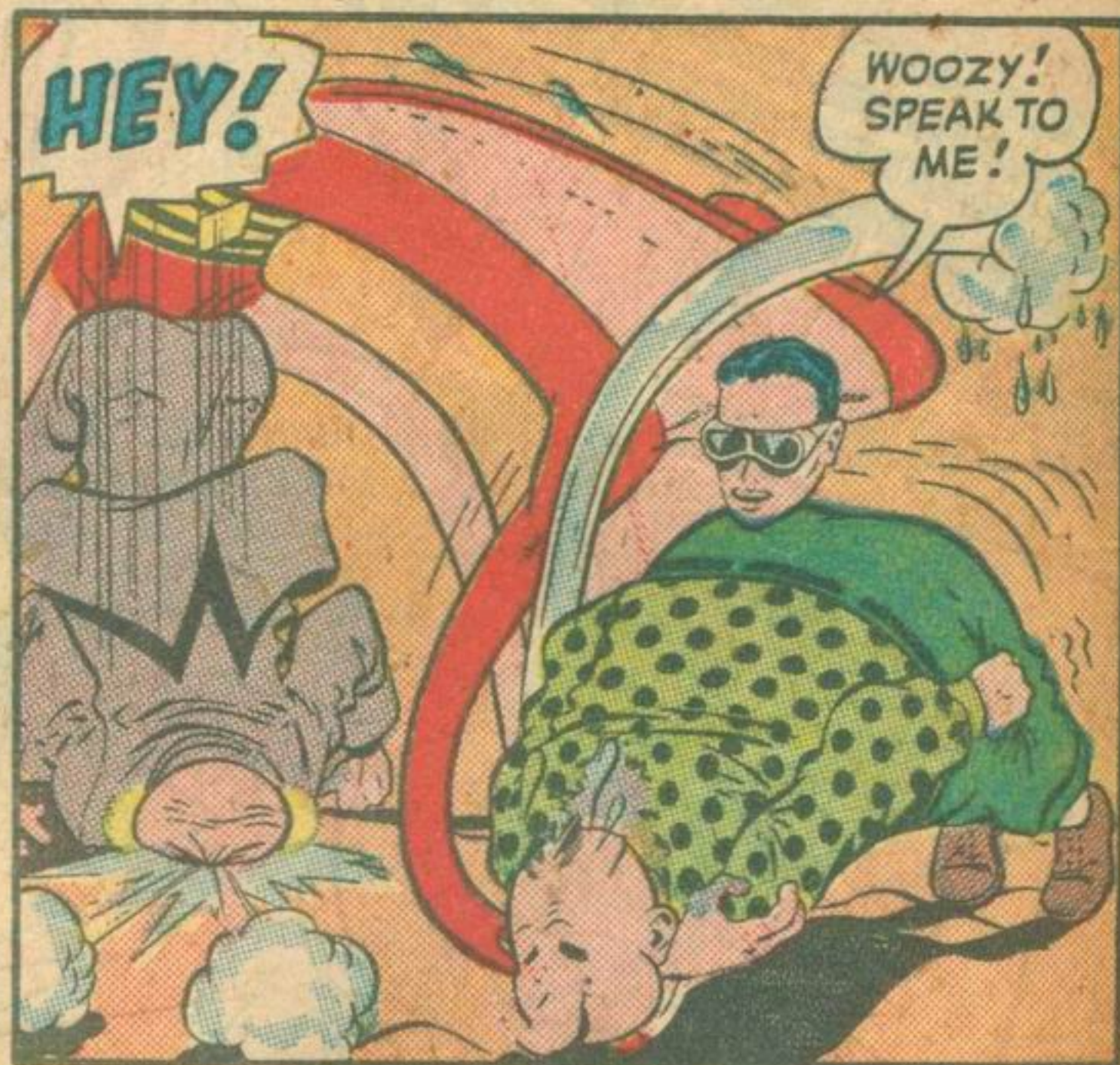
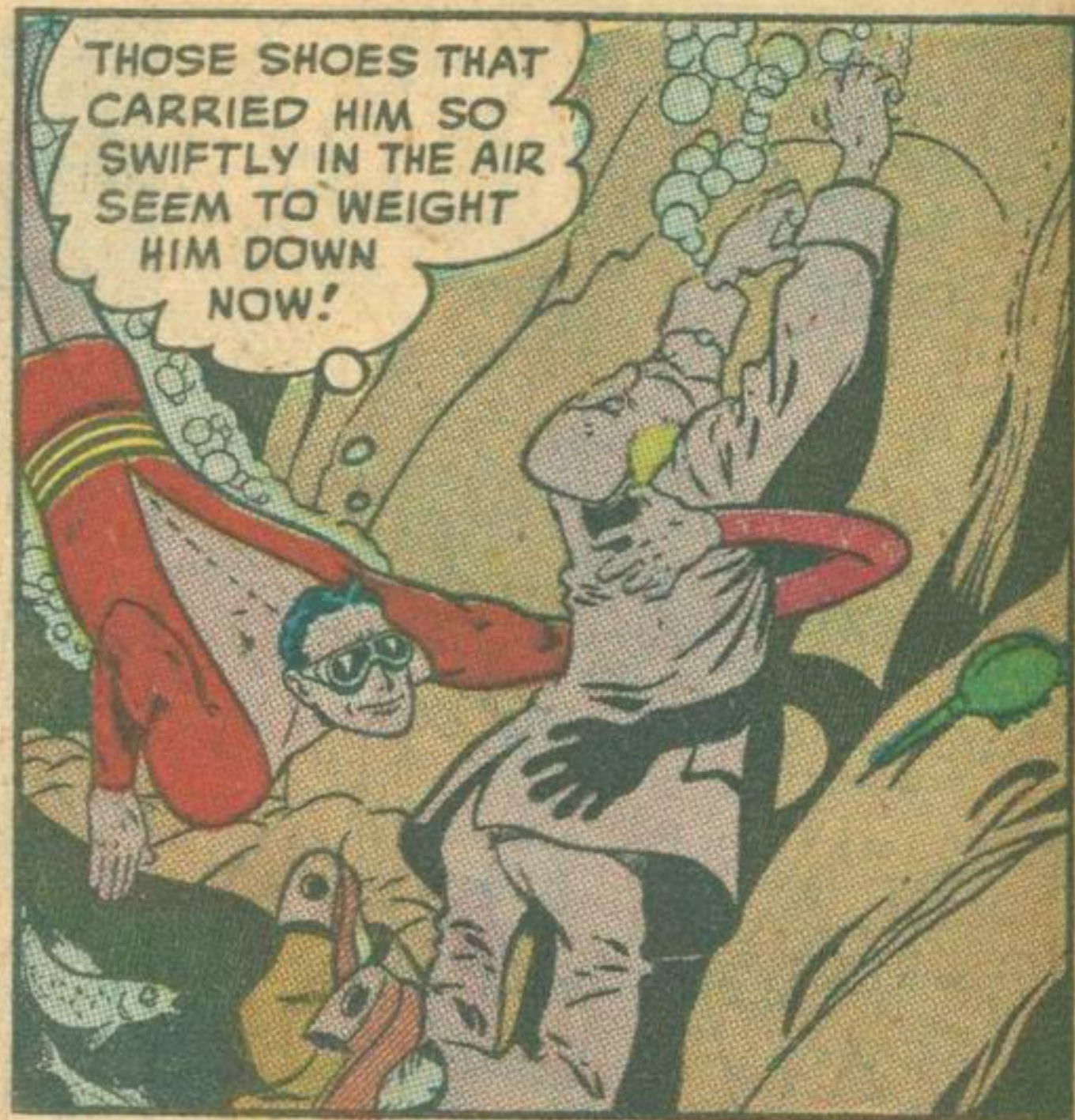
PLASTIC MAN



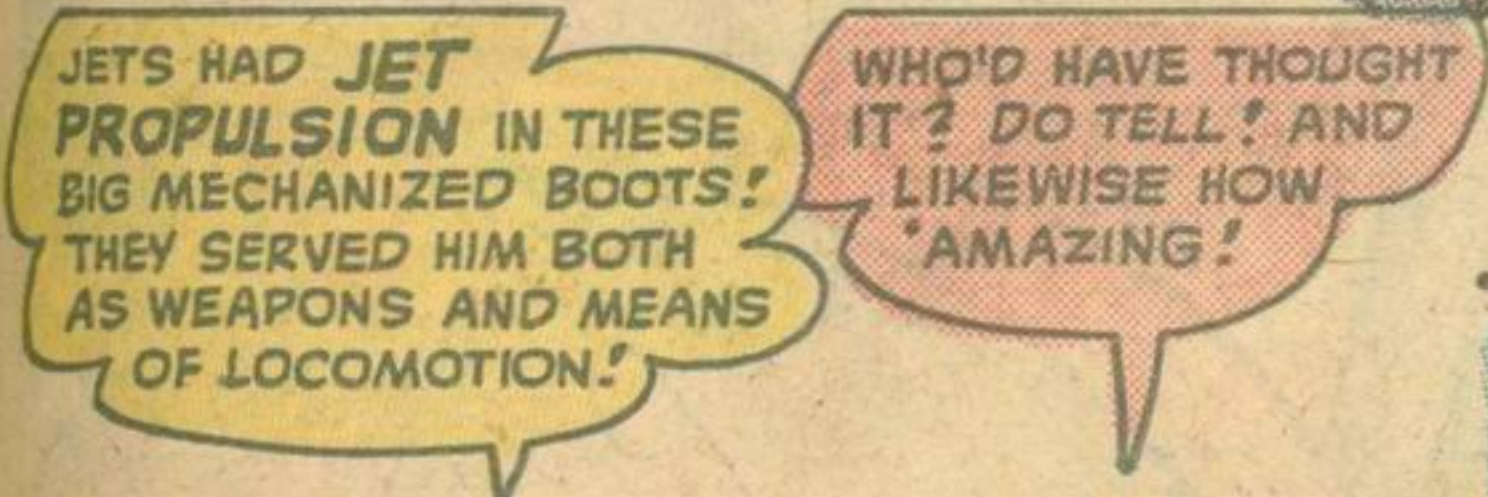
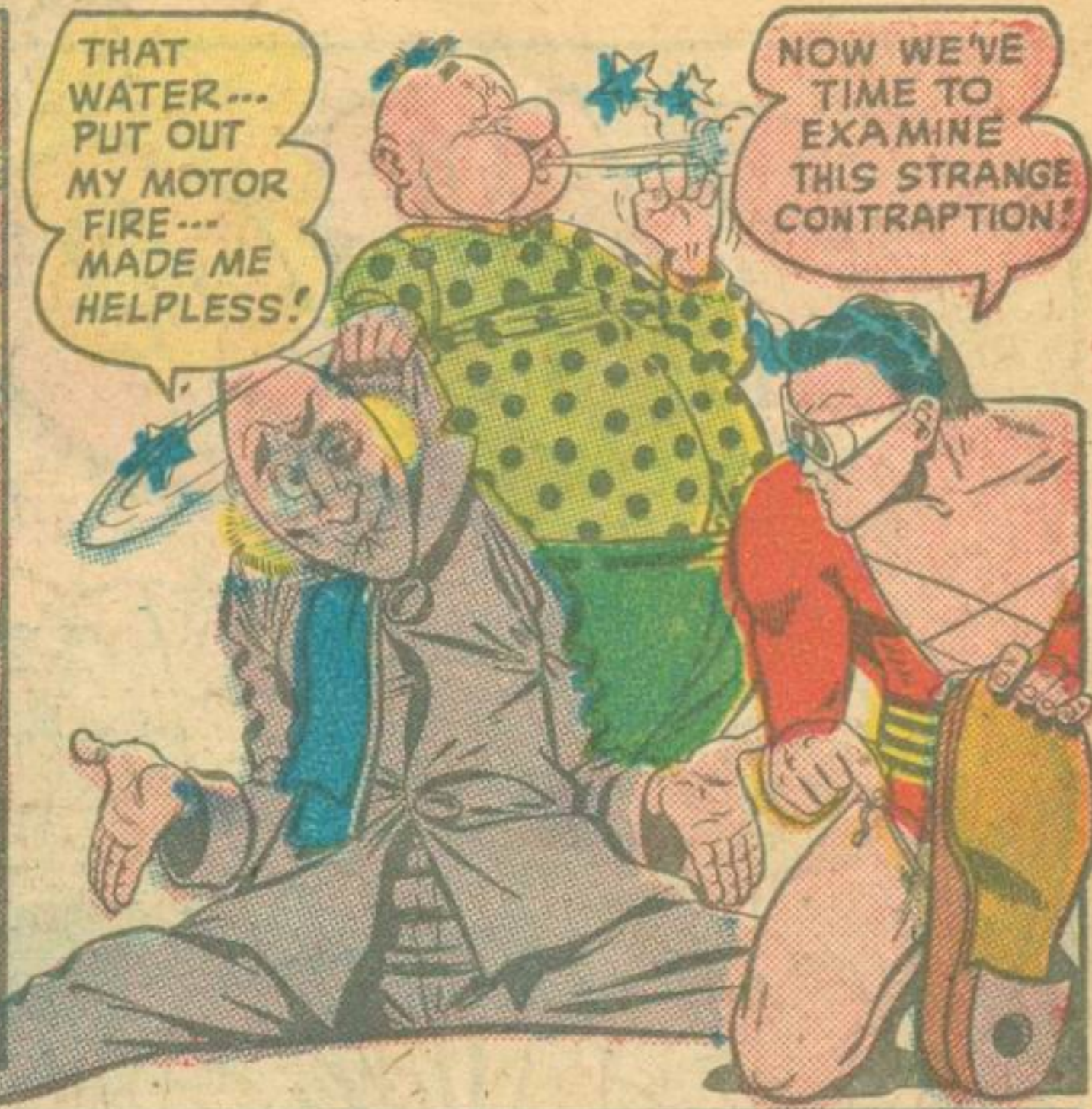
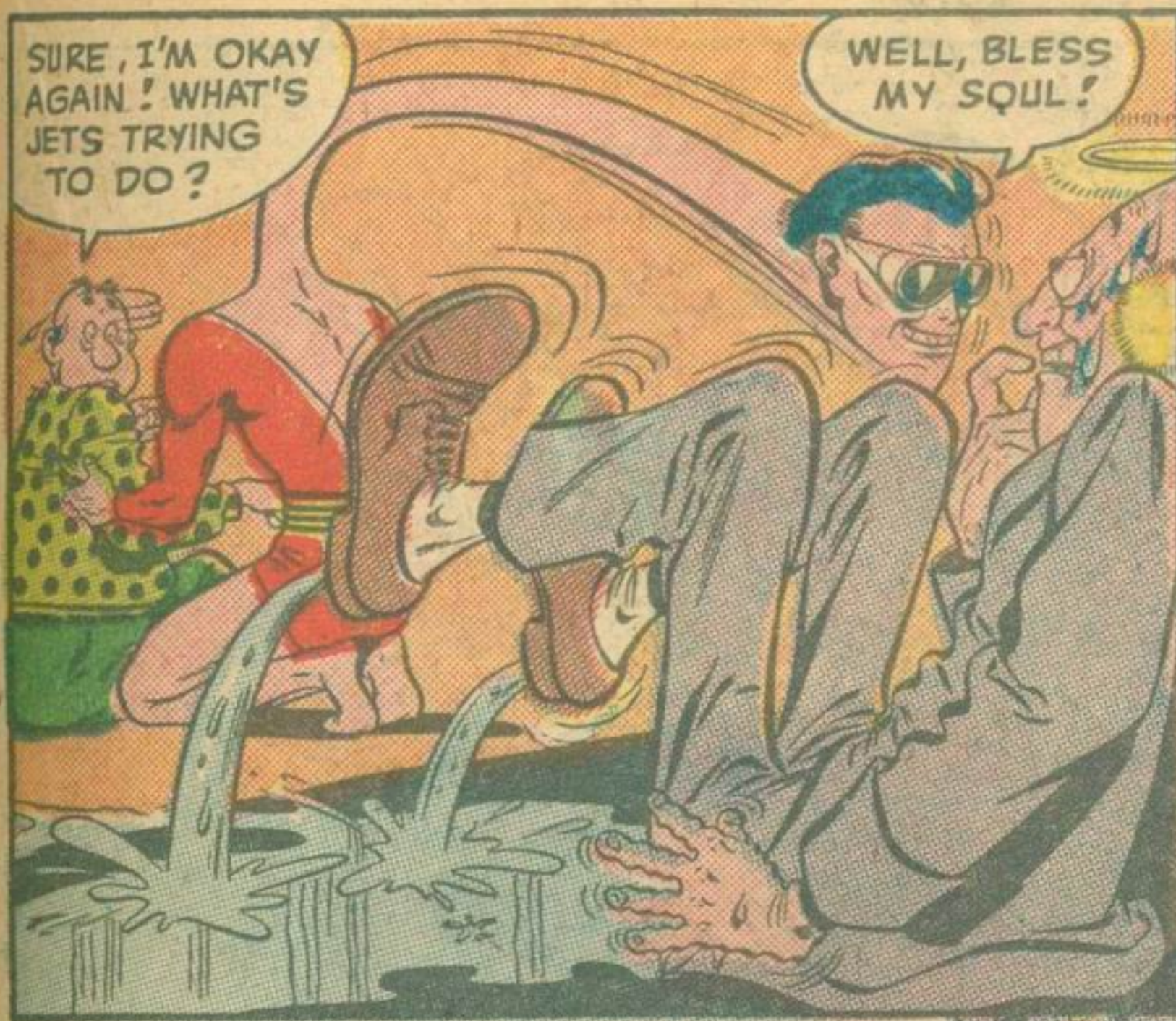
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

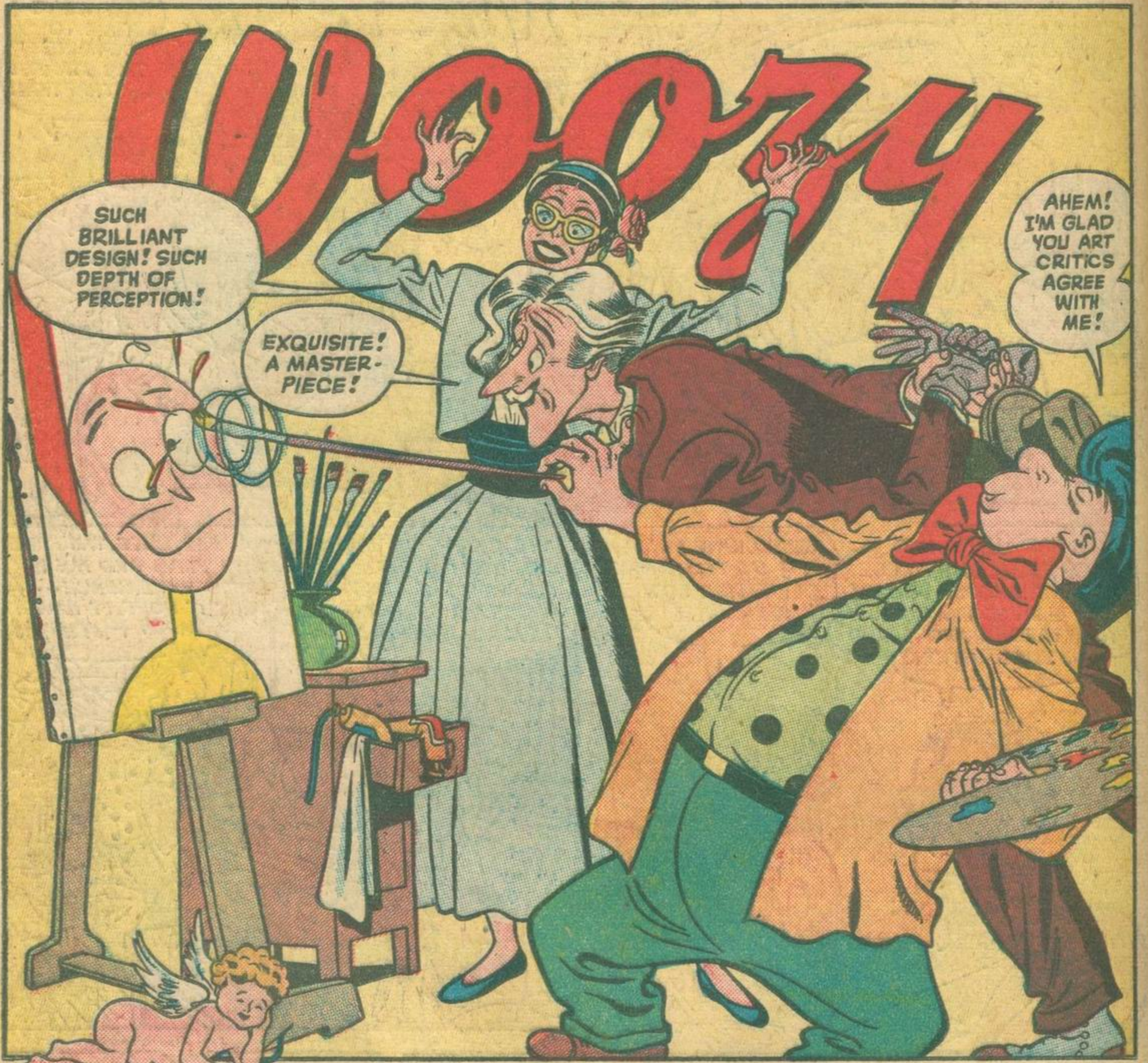


WOOZY

SUCH
BRILLIANT
DESIGN! SUCH
DEPTH OF
PERCEPTION!

EXQUISITE!
A MASTER-
PIECE!

AHEM!
I'M GLAD
YOU ART
CRITICS
AGREE
WITH
ME!



ISN'T IT
WONDERFUL?

TERRIFIC! BEST
HAMBURGER I EVER
ATE! ESPECIALLY THE
ONIONS! CHOMP!



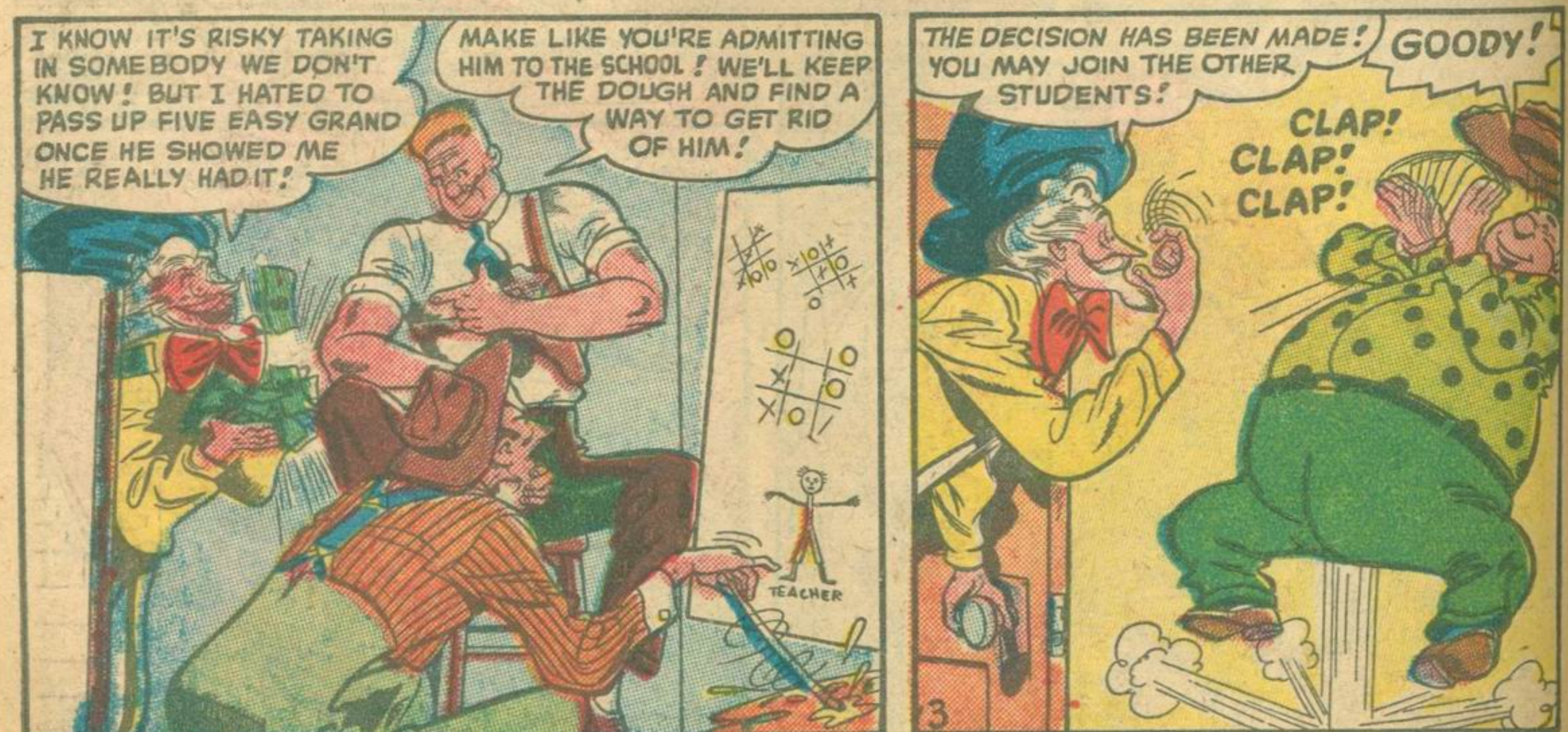
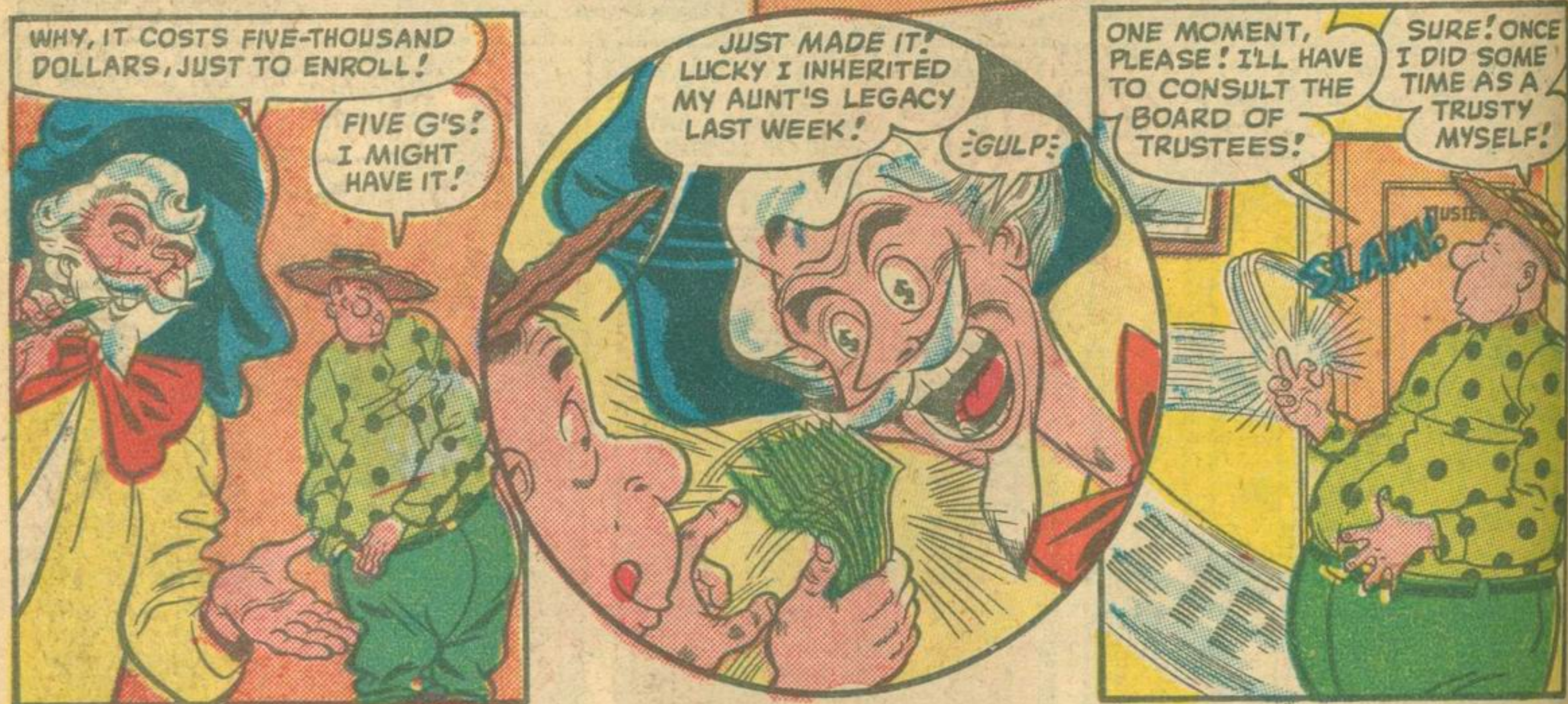
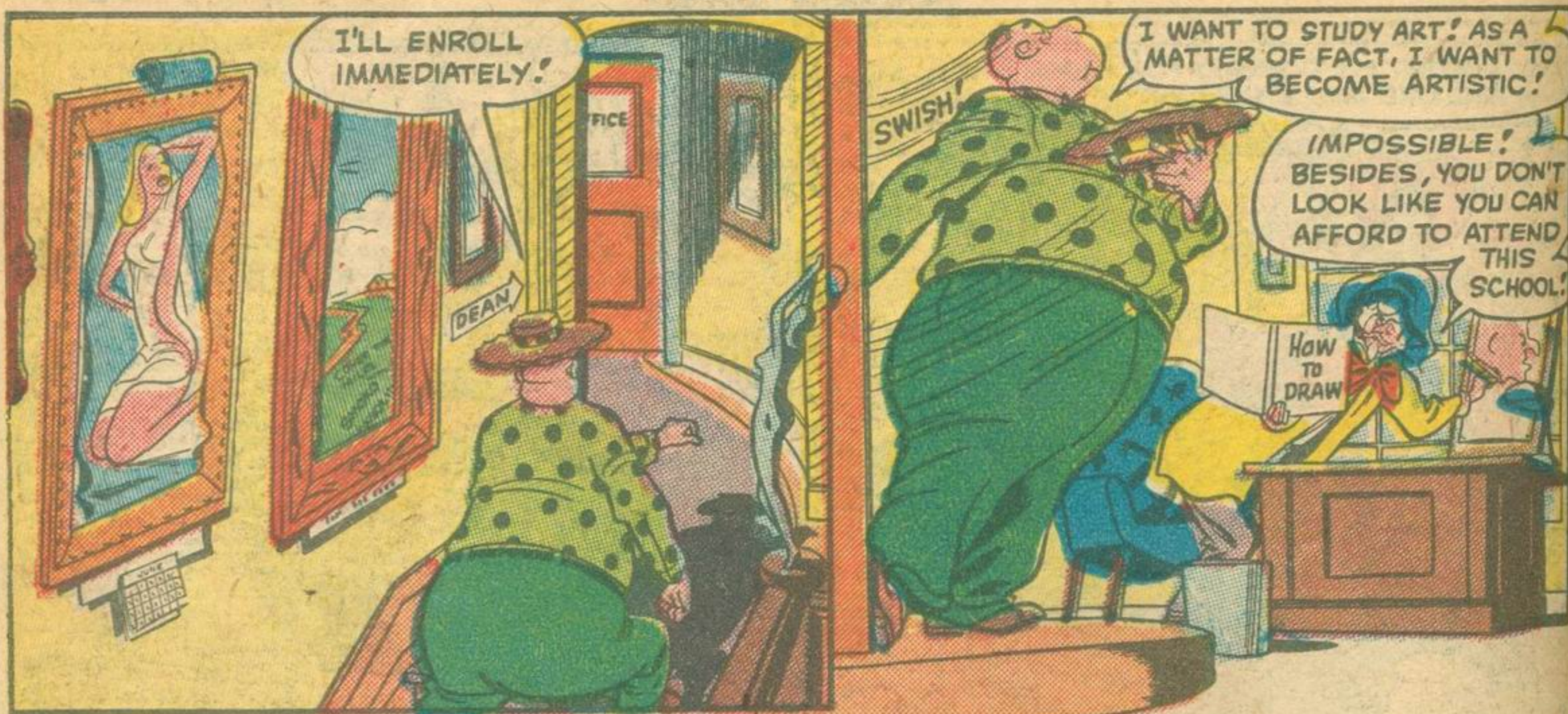
OH! YOU BEAST! I
WAS TALKING ABOUT
THE MOON!

YOU WERE? WELL,
HOW WAS I TO
KNOW... UGH!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

I KNOW HOW WE'LL GET RID OF HIM! TELL HIM HE MUST START AS A MODEL FOR THE OTHER STUDENTS!

I GET IT! THE WRESTLING POSE WITH KNUCKLES NOONAN... WHO'LL BREAK HIS NECK!

WE ALWAYS HAVE OUR NEW STUDENTS BEGIN AS MODELS! THAT'S SO THEY'LL GET TO UNDERSTAND THE MODEL'S PROBLEMS! GO TO THE PLATFORM, PLEASE!

GOLLY! WHO'D EVER THINK I COULD BE A MODEL AT MY WEIGHT?



NOW, STUDENTS, WE'LL SEE A POSE THAT WILL SHOW TWO MEN, ONE WITH A DEADLY WRESTLING HOLD ON THE OTHER!

HAW, HAW! THIS'LL BE A RIOT!

OF COURSE, I'M THE OLDER STUDENT... I MEAN, I'VE BEEN HERE LONGER THAN YOU... SO I'VE GOT TO GET THE HOLD ON YOU!

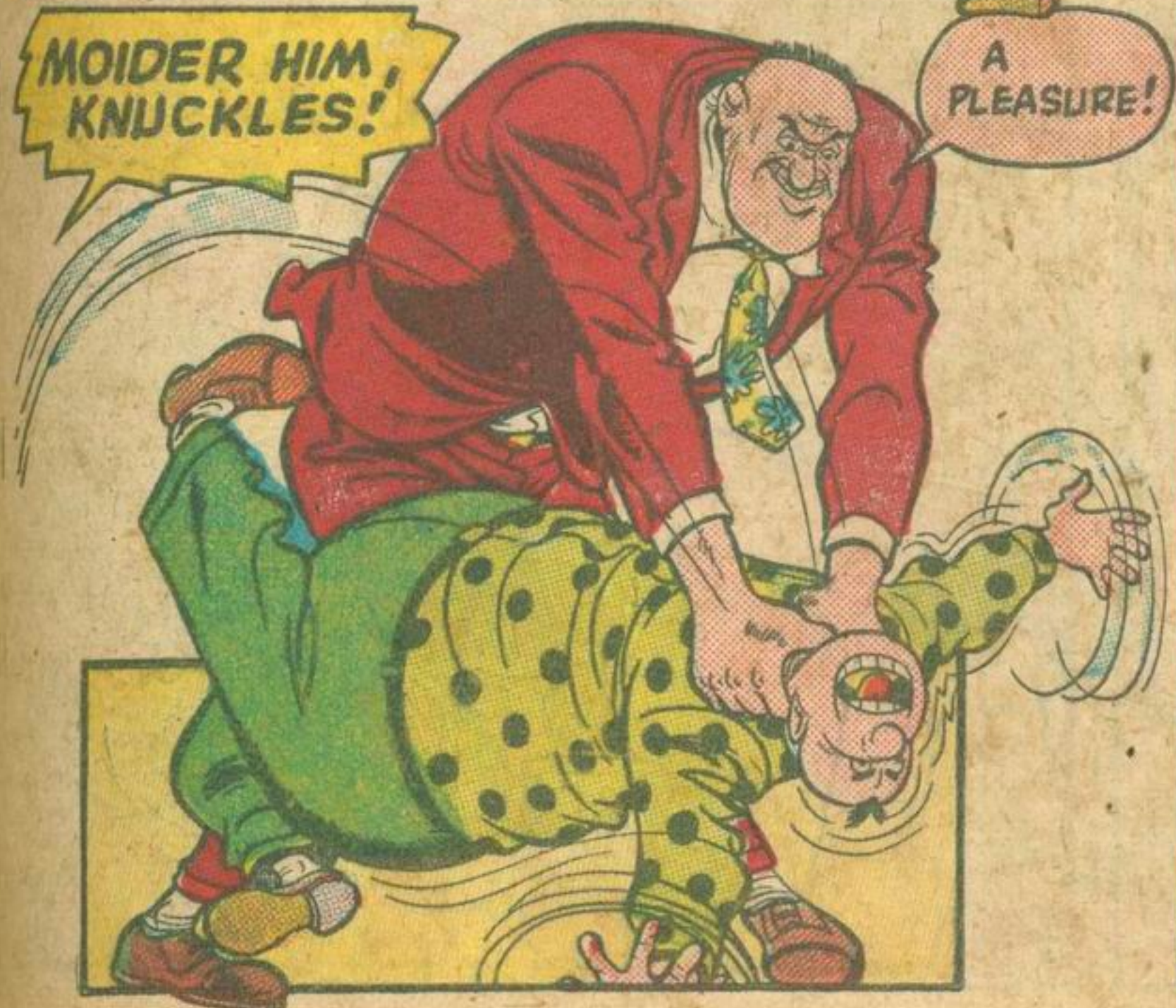
SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH!



MOIDER HIM, KNUCKLES!

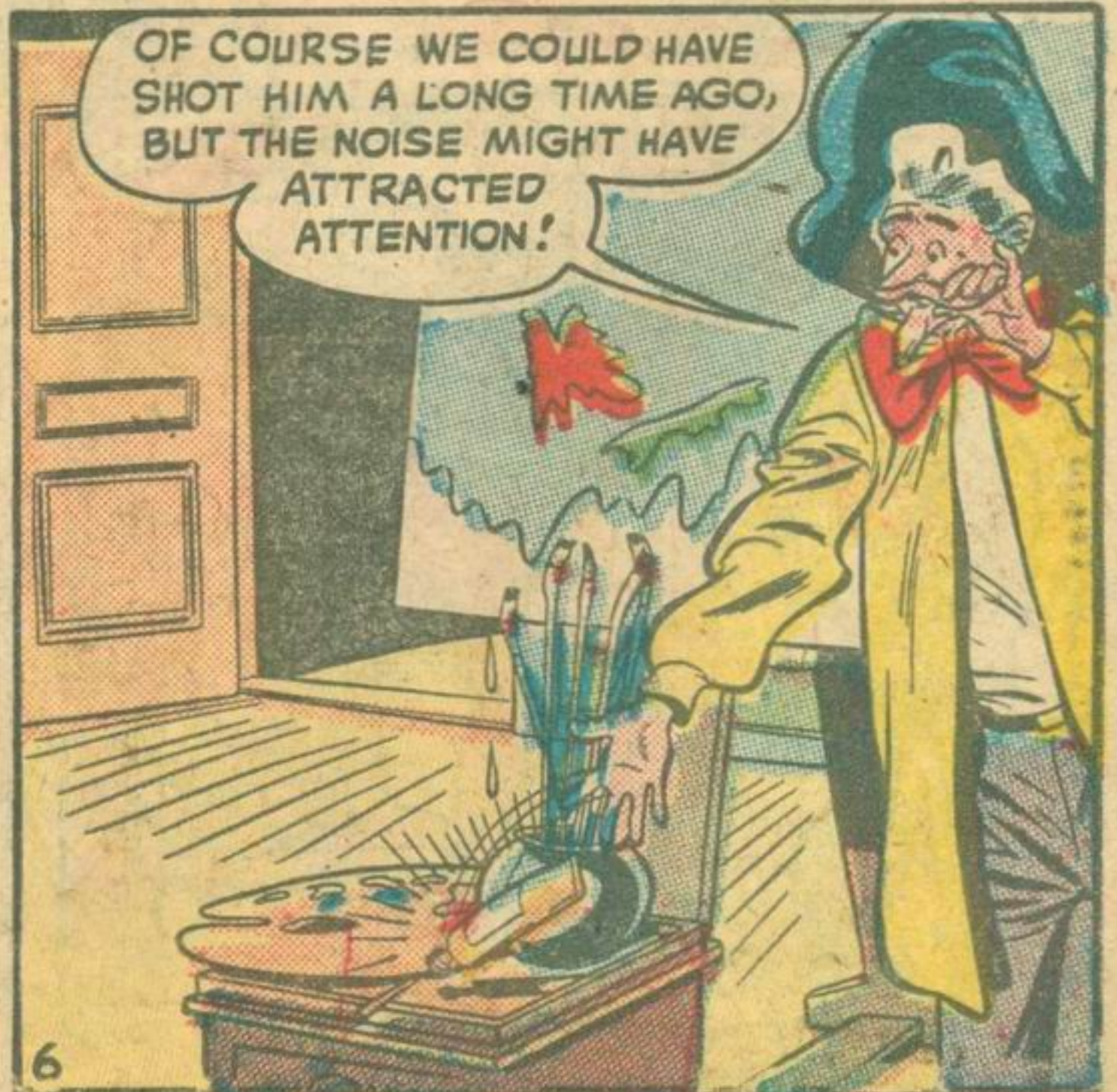
A PLEASURE!

OH H H H! ONIONS!



PLASTIC MAN





PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



STEEPLEJACK Dope

WOOZY looked disconsolate. He was sad and mighty scared. He was in jail.

Woozy had been picked up for picking pockets. The desk sergeant had said to him, "Well, well, my fine fat friend! You again. It's been a long time since we had you for a guest. This time you'll have a nice long vacation!"

It had been a long time since Woozy had been in the iron hotel for lifting what wasn't his. Of course, once he had made a neat living from dipping quick hands into other peoples' pockets. But ever since Plastic Man had rescued him from obscurity he had gone straight. He had proved to Plastic Man, his benefactor, and to the world that a crook could go straight.

Now he was back in again. And all because of a vile old man who swore he had been robbed. Yet Woozy knew who had picked the old man's pocket. It had been Sonny the Swipe. Sonny had ducked and got away. They had nabbed Woozy because he was the only one near the old man when he yelled "Police!"

Woozy sat up on his hard bunk with a start. Something had plucked his ear. He raised agonized eyes to the long thin arm that still stuck through the bars of the cell.

"Plastic Man!" he gasped. "I thought you'd never get here. Can you get me out?"

Plastic Man grinned. "Take it easy, Woozy. I'll get you out, but it'll take some explaining to the boys down here. After all, you know—"

"Don't, Plas!" pleaded Woozy. "I know! I used to be a dip. But you know I ain't been for a long time. I was framed, that's what I was!"

Plastic Man chuckled. "I fear you were at that, Woozy. It was I who framed you."

Woozy's fat face assumed a ludicrous expression. "You! Why, Plas?"

"I merely wanted to see if you were still hot police bait. The old man who yelled cops was my stooge. You see, I want you to do some pocket picking in a day or so, and I want you to be sure and get jailed."

This was too much for Woozy, in his present predicament. "But Plas! Why?" he yelled.

"We have to trap a crook," Plastic Man replied. "Or, rather, you have to. Now come on, we'll hurry home and I'll tell you all about the plan."

Woozy could hardly believe it when Plastic

Man opened the cell door and he walked free. No one said anything to him, but the desk sergeant grinned at Plastic Man as they passed through the outer office.

Woozy was grumbling. He didn't like this business. He had no intention of becoming a pick-pocket again. No sir, he was on the side of law and order—and Plas!

But Plas wasn't having any of that. Woozy must again stoop to searching well-lined pockets!

"You see," said Plastic Man, "this dope racket is getting beyond all measures of law enforcement. We can't cope with it. So you've got to dig into certain pockets and see what you can bring up. You'll be protected."

Woozy spread his pudgy hands. "Yeah. But what's gonna happen to me if one of them dope smuggling mugs nails me? Them guys is poison!"

Plastic Man laughed. "There'll be plenty of plain-clothes men around, Woozy. You'll be in no danger."

Plastic Man had a difficult time convincing Woozy that he was doing a fine job for humanity, for Woozy was not keen on carrying out his orders. Two days later, however, he was standing on the specified corner, waiting for victims.

The corner Plastic Man had chosen was one where a new steel structure was in the process of being built. It was a tall skyscraper, more than 20 stories. Structural men swarmed over it, cranes lifted great lengths of girders up and down, air hammers and riveters made a mighty clatter.

But Woozy heard and saw little of this. His orders were to keep his eyes open for certain characters of the underworld, and to dip into the pockets of these gentry as they passed his corner. There was always a crowd here, so he would not be noticed.

When the first likely one strolled along, Woozy was ready. He fell in with the small crowd and slid up behind his victim. His right hand darted into the man's pockets, exploring one after another until he had covered them all. There was no small package such as Plastic Man had told him he would find. When he had made the search, the man turned and caught him with one hand. He was grinning.

"Ah, so it's old Woozy!" he smirked. "Up

PLASTIC MAN

to your old tricks again, eh? Well, you didn't lift anything from me, buddy. Now, get goin' before I turn you in!"

Woozy was chagrined. He wasn't the pick-pocket he used to be. For a moment he felt deflated, then he thought, "I'm glad I can't turn the trick! I ain't a pickpocket no more."

Plastic Man had witnessed the entire proceeding. He grinned to himself. He had watched the person Woozy had frisked. Several paces before he had reached a point immediately opposite Woozy, he had slipped a package to another man, who had in turn handed it on to another. The last man had been a steel worker.

"I suppose the stuff is going up to the top of that building," said Plastic Man as he gazed upward at the skeletal steel structure. "The real cache must be up there. I wonder?"

When several other slinky characters had transferred their packets to men who in turn had slipped them to steeplejacks, Plastic Man made up his mind.

"I'm going up there," he told Woozy. "You better stick here and keep on dipping into those chaps' jeans. Just for effect. I won't be long."

Plastic Man had a slight argument with a foreman before he reached a point where it was possible to begin his long climb. He had no idea of using the elevator, used for hauling supplies to the top, nor one of the cranes which transported girders to their anchorage places. He meant to climb.

Before he reached the top, he saw a flock of pigeons flying from the very summit of the structure. He wondered at first why they were there. Then he saw a large box strapped to a crossbeam high above his head. From it came a monotonous cooing.

He paused in a shady angle and watched. He saw a man reach into the box, draw out a pigeon, and tie a small packet to its leg. Then he released the bird. It shot away in the direction of the harbor.

So this was their trick! Carrier pigeons flying dope! It was a brand new idea.

Plastic Man darted out a hand in the direction of the speeding pigeon. Like the rubber man that he was, his arm stretched a full thirty feet, but it fell short of the pigeon.

"Hmmm," said Plastic Man. "This is when the fun starts!"

He watched as man after man climbed up a steel ladder, emptied his pockets into a basket and went about his business. The basket was quickly whisked to the pigeon cote and there its contents were transferred to the legs of speedy birds.

When the man who attended the pigeons turned his back a moment, Plastic Man reached upward and unfastened the door. The pigeons flew out and soared away. The whirl-

ring of their wings caused the man to whirl. He snarled a curse. Then his eyes went downward. They met those of Plastic Man.

"What the devil are you doin' up here?" he demanded.

"Just catching a lot of dope peddlers," said Plastic Man, grinning. "And you're the first."

The man dived a hand for his gun, but Plastic Man gave him a shove with an arm fifteen feet long. With a yell the man toppled from the girder. He turned once in midair, then a strong hand grasped him by the middle. Soon he was sitting beside Plastic Man, who tied him securely to a beam.

"Call your pards," Plastic Man ordered, "or I'll drop you off this beam. It's twenty stories down, remember. Call them!"

The man whistled. One by one steeplejacks and other steel workers lined up on the beam which held the pigeon cote. They looked startled.

"The jig's up, boys," the first man said. "This jasper's got us cold." He stabbed a thumb at his captor. "But we got most of the stuff off by the birds. The law won't get that."

"The law won't get me either!" shouted one of the men. He made a dash for the end of the beam where the cable of the crane dangled. He grabbed the cable and with a mighty shove swung outward. His body made a pendulum that swept past the men remaining on the beam, knocking two of them off backward.

Screaming wildly, they plunged down through the maze of girders. But a lightning flash of rubber arms, distended to unearthly proportions, darted downward. Two hands grasped the hurtling bodies and drew them up.

Plastic Man clung to the two men, holding them several feet from safety. "Tell me where those pigeons went, or I'll drop you two," he said.

Both men spoke at once, revealing the birds' destination.

"All right," went on Plastic Man, placing the two workers on the beam. The one who had tried a get-a-way on the crane now sat on the beam with the others. Plastic Man had attended to him, too. "The police are on their way up here," he said. "You're all in on this dirty racket. And you'll all pay for it."

Woozy arrived on the lift with the police. "I don't get it, Plas," he said. "I didn't find nothin' in them blokes' pockets. How did you know about this stunt?"

Plastic Man grinned. "Because you found nothing in their pockets gave me the idea that they were transferring the stuff to several men in turn. I saw the carrier pigeons up here from my office. It was simple after that."

PLASTIC MAN

**Where is
woman's place?
In the home... the
halls of Congress...
Hollywood....**

BUT this woman's
place was in **PRISON!**

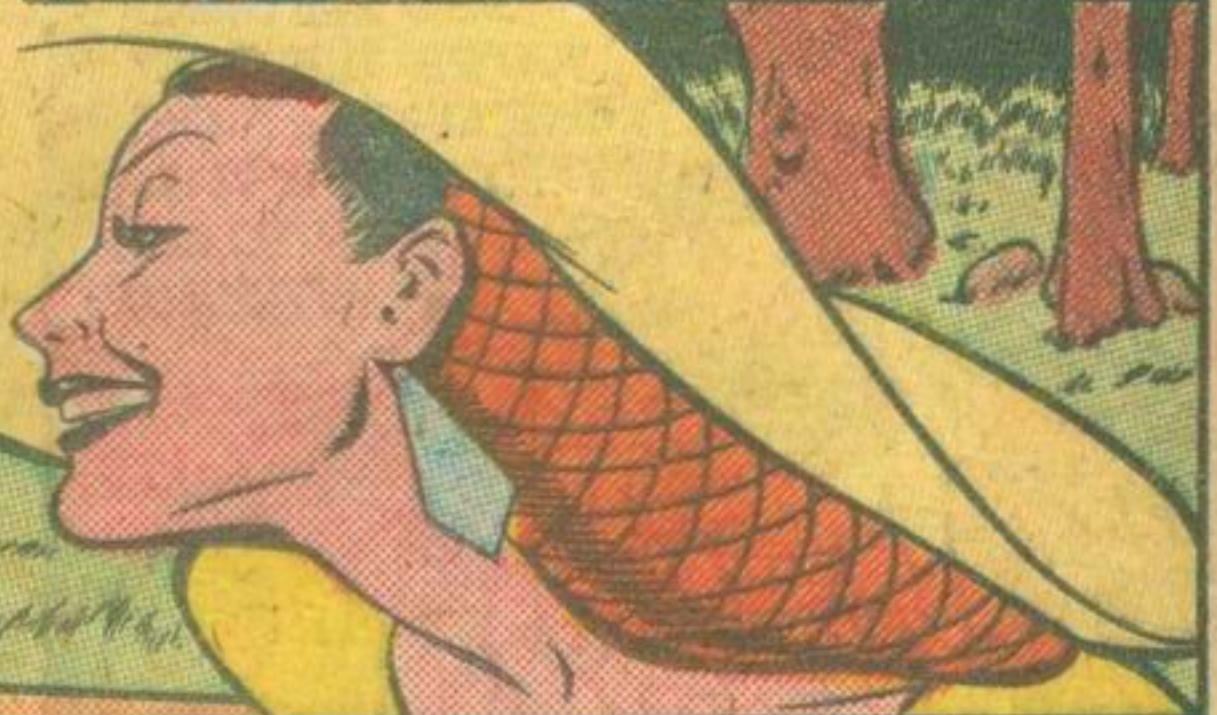
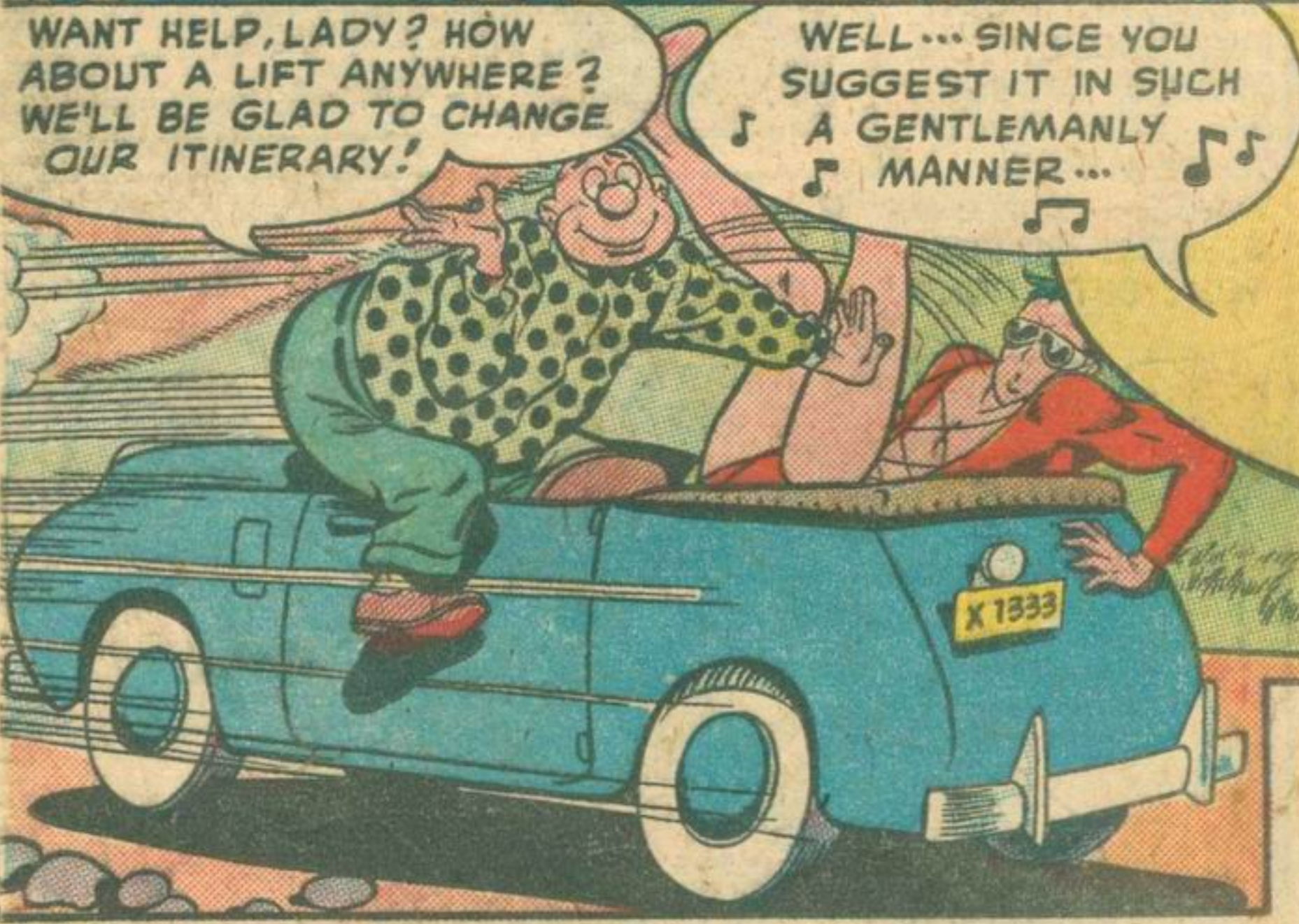
We're speaking of
ARTIFICE,
fairest felon ever to
cross the trail of
Plastic Man and Woozy
Winks!

We're speaking of
ARTIFICE,
fairest felon ever to
cross the trail of
Plastic Man and Woozy
Winks!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



THAT CAR BACK THERE WANTS TO RACE WITH US, HUH? WELL, I'LL...

NO, THEY DON'T WANT TO RACE! THEY WANT TO SHOOT!

WITHERUP'S PROBABLY SOMEWHERE ELSE... NOT ALIVE! LET'S RUN THAT CAR TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND HAVE A LITTLE CON-FAB!

YOU'RE SUCH A FLATTERER... BUT YOUR FRIEND HERE SEEMS TO BE INTERESTED IN ANOTHER TYPE OF SCENERY!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

YOU CAN GET YOUR HEADQUARTERS ON YOUR TWO-WAY RADIO --- HAVE THEM SEND THE WAGON!

CLICK!

SORRY, BUT THAT RADIO JUST FRITZED OUT! CAN'T GET CALLS OR SEND THEM!

BUT IF YOUR TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER ARE WORKING WE CAN HOOK THEM INTO THIS TELEPHONE LINE AND CALL HEADQUARTERS THROUGH THE CENTRAL OFFICE!

GREAT IDEA, PLASTIC MAN!

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE THE CALL?

MUMBLE! MUMBLE!

BECAUSE THIS WIRE SEEMS TO BE BUSY! AND WITH A VERY FASCINATING CONVERSATION, TOO!

While all this was going on, a few moments ago...

SUPPOSE WE RELAX! MY PARTNER PLAS WILL ATTEND TO THOSE TIRE-PLUGGERS!

PLAS YOU CALL HIM? MIGHT YOU MEAN PLASTIC MAN?

PLASTIC MAN... THE ERASER OF ERRATIC EVILDOERS?

FORGET HIM! COME, MY SWEET, TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF... YOUR DREAMS, YOUR HOPES, YOUR FAVORITE TYPE OF GUY... SUCH AS ME!

TEE, HEE! I'M TICKLISH! TAKE YOUR FINGER OUT OF MY RIBS AND QUIT BEING COY!

THIS ISN'T MY FINGER, AND I'M NOT BEING COY!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

OH, H'LO, ARTIFICE! YEAH, DIS IS GRIZZLES! ME MOB ACTED ON YER TIP... PULLED DE HOLDUP DE SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET GANG WAS PLANNIN', AND GOT PLENTY!

WHY DON'T YOU COME TO MY COUNTRY ESTATE AND BRING MY CUT WITH YOU? WE CAN MAKE SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER!

GOOPSHAW'S ON HIS WAY! HE RUNS THE MOB I SOLD OUT TO---I USED TO BE WITH WITHERUP'S SEVENTY-SEVENTH STREET HOODS!

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH GOOPSHAW NOW?



HE'S GRATEFUL, AND HE GOES FOR ME! I'LL BE IN HIS GANG... THEN MAYBE SELL THEIR PLANS FOR PLENTY TO SOMEONE ELSE! I'M ON MY WAY TO RICHES!

WHAT AM I ON THE WAY TO?



YOU'LL BE MY ALLY... MY ONLY HELPER! OBEY MY ORDERS, CARRY OUT MY SCHEMES! IF YOU HESITATE OR ARGUE...

ANYTHING YOU SAY, ARTIFICE... ANYTHING!



Not much later...

THAT ROAD TO ARTIFICE'S LITTLE BUNGALOW OF DREAMS IS KINDA RUGGED! I'LL JUST WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!



HER AND ME WILL BE THERE ALL ALONE! WHICH MAKES IT...

WHICH MAKES IT THE END OF YOUR HOODLUM TRAIL, GRIZZLES GOOPSHAW!



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN,
HUH? WELL, I'M
NOT PANICKED
AT YA! C'MON,
LET'S FIGHT
IT OUT!



FIGHT IT OUT? FOR ONCE,
GOOPSHAW, YOU AND I
AGREE ON A PROJECT!



YEEOWW!
BANG!

TAKE
THAT!
AND
THAT!
AND ALSO
THAT!

What a pity this battle
of champions is going
on just outside our
line of vision! Yet is
there any doubt who
will triumph?



Here comes the
conqueror now!
It must be ... it's
GOT to be...

I ALWAYS
KNEW I
COULD
TAKE THAT
OVER-
RATED
MUGG!



WHA-A-AAT? NO! NO!
It can't be that Goop-
shaw has destroyed
Plastic Man in a fair
fight!

NOW! ON TO
THAT TETE-A-
TETE WITH
ARTIFICE!



THAT LITTLE SCRAMBLE
TONED ME UP FOR THE
REAL EXCITEMENT OF
SEEING ARTIFICE!



OH, GRIZZLES!
ARE THOSE FLOWERS FOR
LITTLE ME? YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE?

SWEETS TO THE
SWEET, I ALWAYS
SAY! KINDA ORIGINAL,
AIN'T I?

PLASTIC MAN

DID YOU HAPPEN TO SEE ANYTHING OF PLASTIC MAN ON YOUR WAY OVER?

PLASTIC MAN?
HAW! HAW! HAW!
EXCUSE ME WHILE
I HAVE A LAFF FER
MESELF...

THUD!

HEY!
AIN'T DIS
WOOZY WINKS...
DA BRAINS BEHIND MOSTA
PLASTIC MAN'S RACKET-
BUSTIN'? I'LL
SPLATTER
HIM!

YOU
DON'T
MEAN
ME,
MR.
GOOP-
SHAW?

LEMME JEST TELL YA
WHAT HAPPENED TO
PLASTIC MAN...

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM?
WHAT?

I DON'T MEAN
YER BRUDDER!

YOU'RE
MAKING A
MISTAKE!
I'M NOT
WORTH
KILLING, MR.
GOOPSHAW!

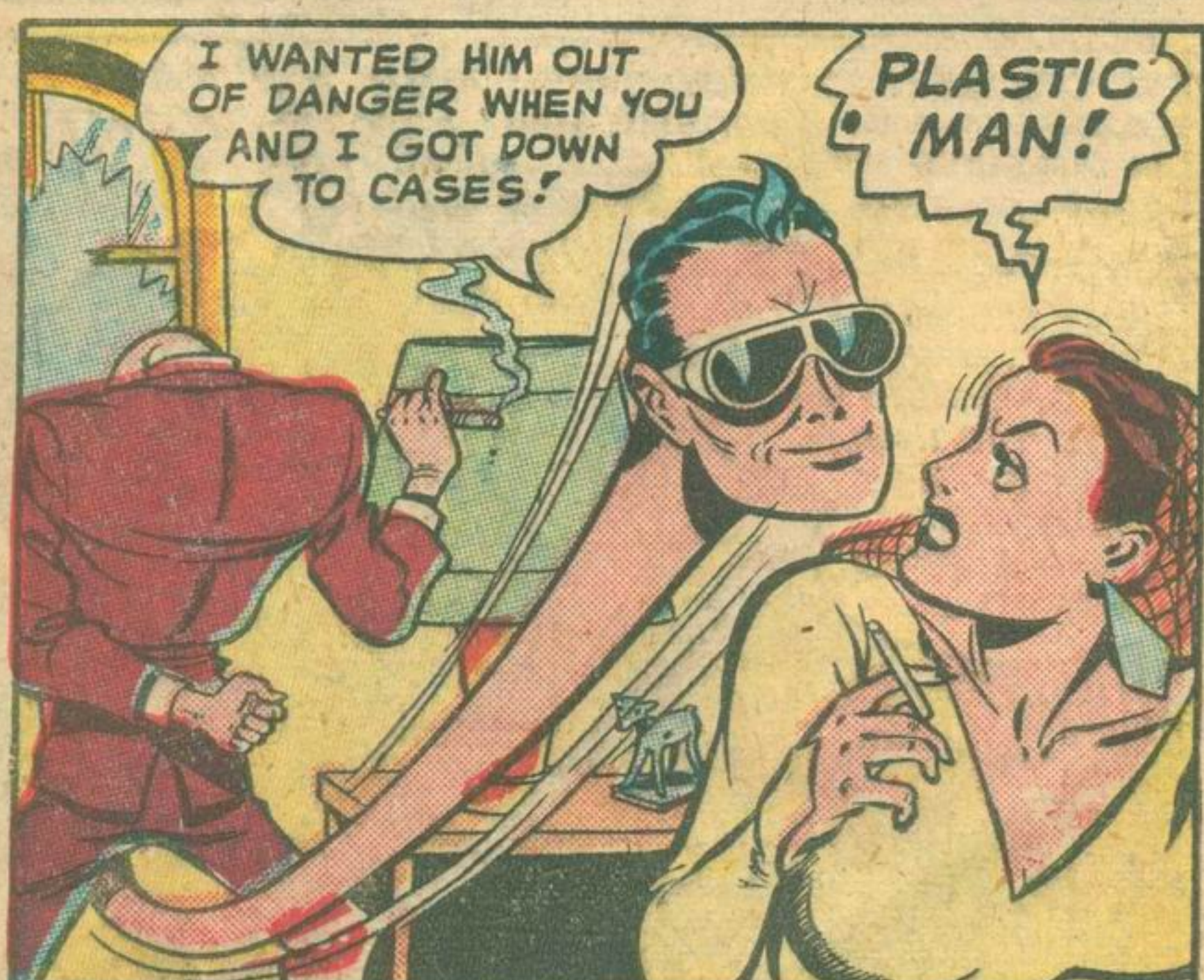
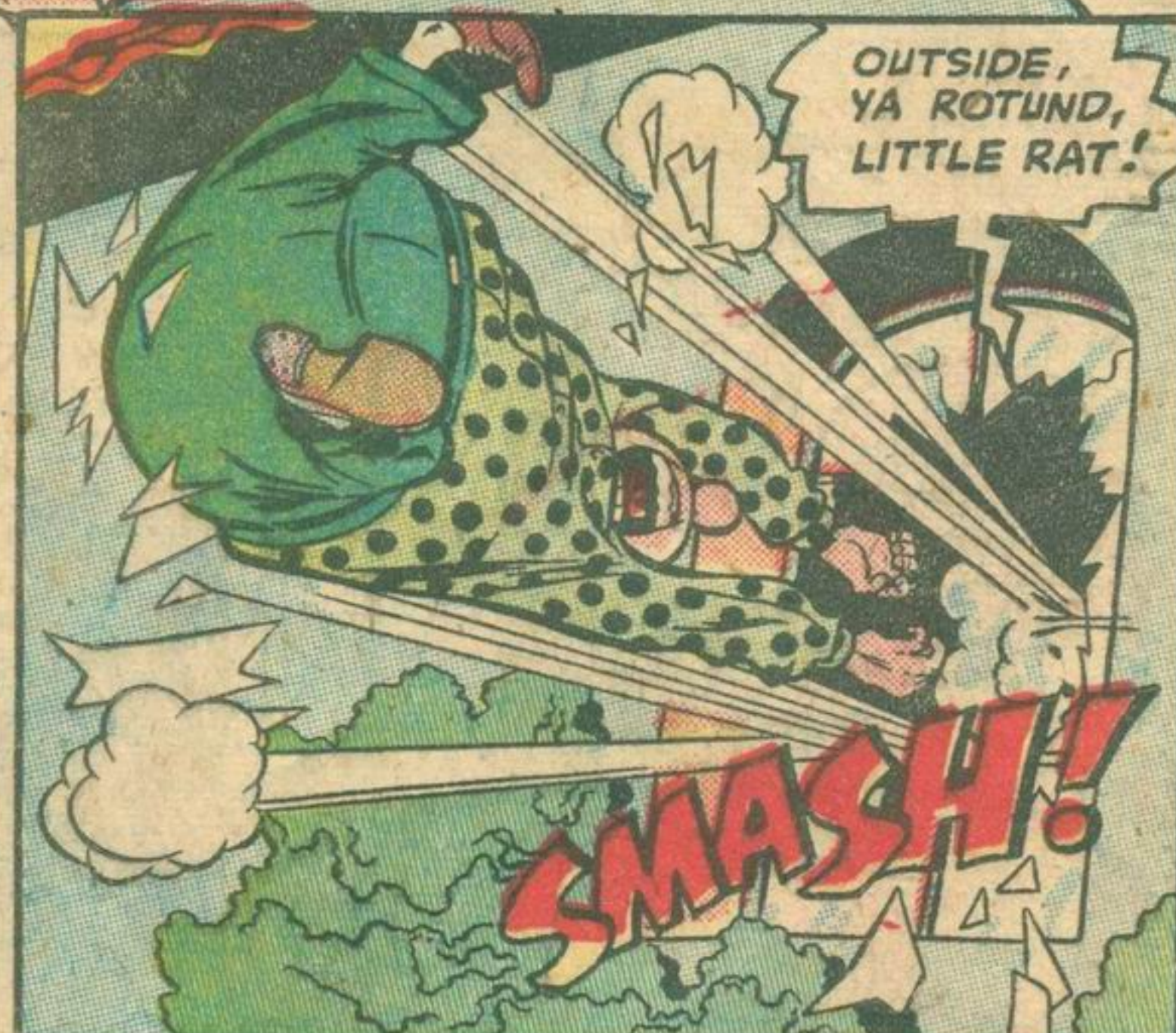
I WAS ONLY
PLASTIC MAN'S
STOOGES! A
TAG-ALONG ON
HIS TRAIL! NOTHING
AT ALL... NOTHING!

RELAX, GRIZZLES!
WOOZY'S ON OUR
SIDE NOW! AND
WE'VE GOT
BUSINESS TO
TEND TO!

DON'T YOU THINK
THERE'S A PLACE
FOR ME IN YOUR
GANG?

WELL, NOW, BABY, YA DID
GIMME DE DOPE ON DAT
PROFITABLE JOB! BUT CAN
YA KICK IN WIT' MORE
INFORMATION?

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



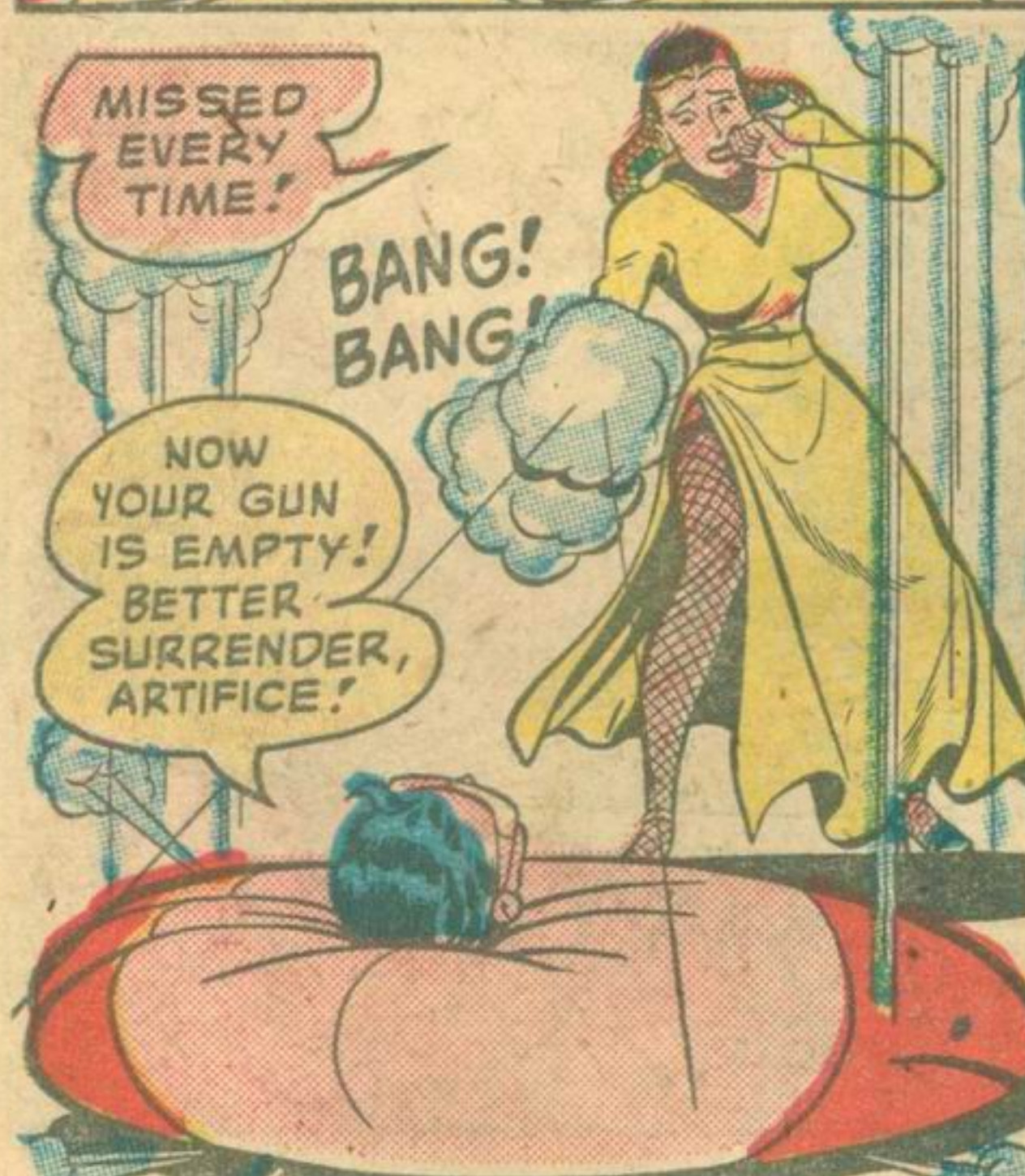
I MET GRIZZLES GOOP-SHAW DOWN THE PATH! WE HAD A LITTLE TUSSELE AND I CAME AWAY WEARING HIS CLOTHES AND HIS EXPRESSION!

YOU WON'T CAPTURE ME, PLASTIC MAN!



I'LL SHOOT YOU THE WAY I SHOT WITHERUP! TWO SLUGS WENT INTO HIM... AND NOW FOUR MAKES SIX! ONLY TWO MORE IN THAT GUN!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!



MISSED EVERY TIME!

BANG! BANG!

NOW YOUR GUN IS EMPTY! BETTER SURRENDER, ARTIFICE!



NO! NEVER! LET ME GET OUT OF HERE!

IS GOOP-SHAW SORE AT YOU, TOO?



WOOZY DOESN'T KNOW THAT GOOPSHAW WAS PLASTIC MAN IN DISGUISE! IF I CAN KEEP HIM FOOLED...

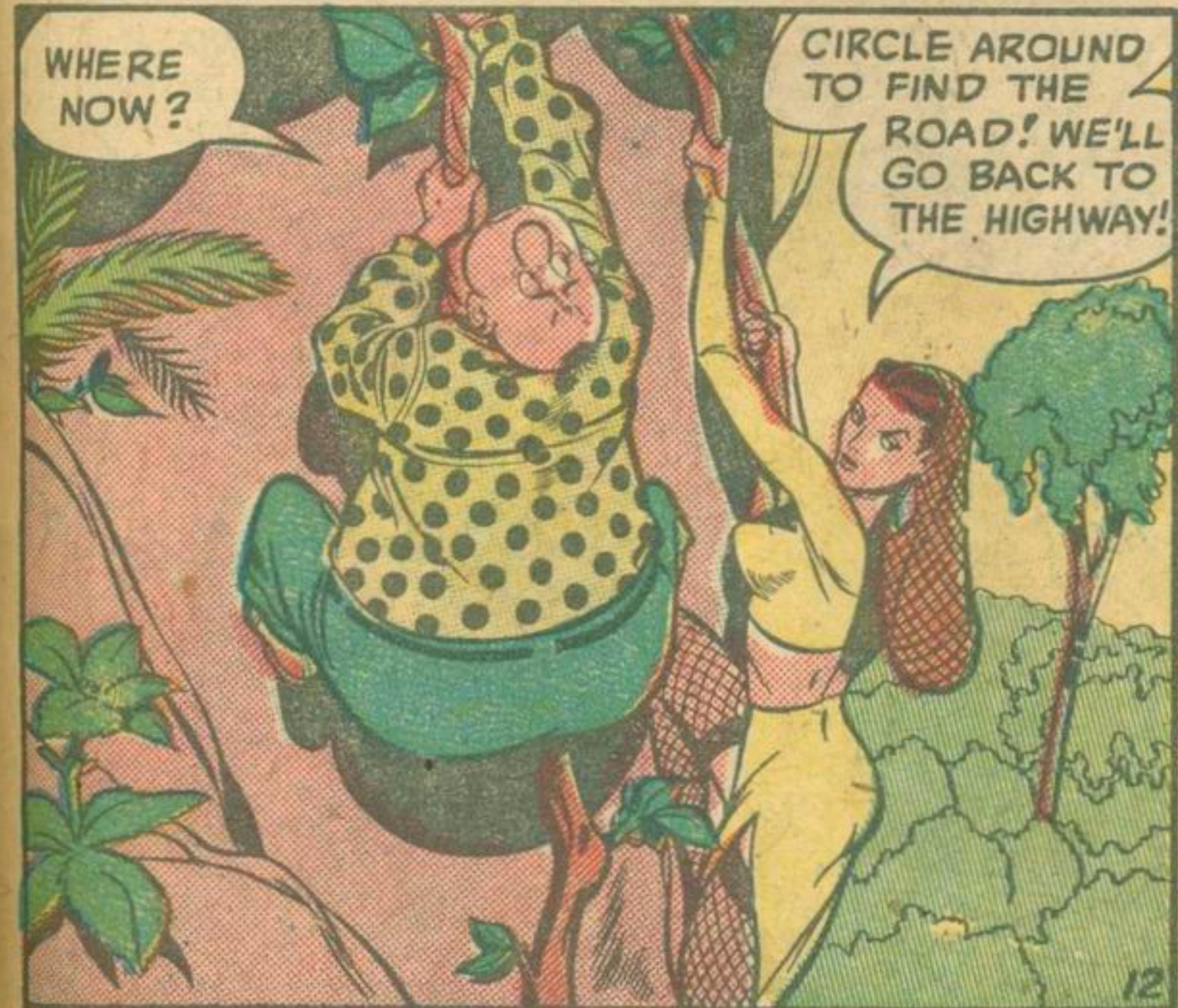
HELP ME AND I'LL GO STRAIGHT! YOU CAN TURN ME IN TO THE LAW! I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING! MAKE A HERO OF YOU!

HALT! COME BACK!



THIS IS AS HIGH AS WE CAN GO! HE'S BAYING ON OUR TRAIL!

HELP ME GET THIS ROCK ROLLING! IT'LL START AN AVALANCHE!



PLASTIC MAN

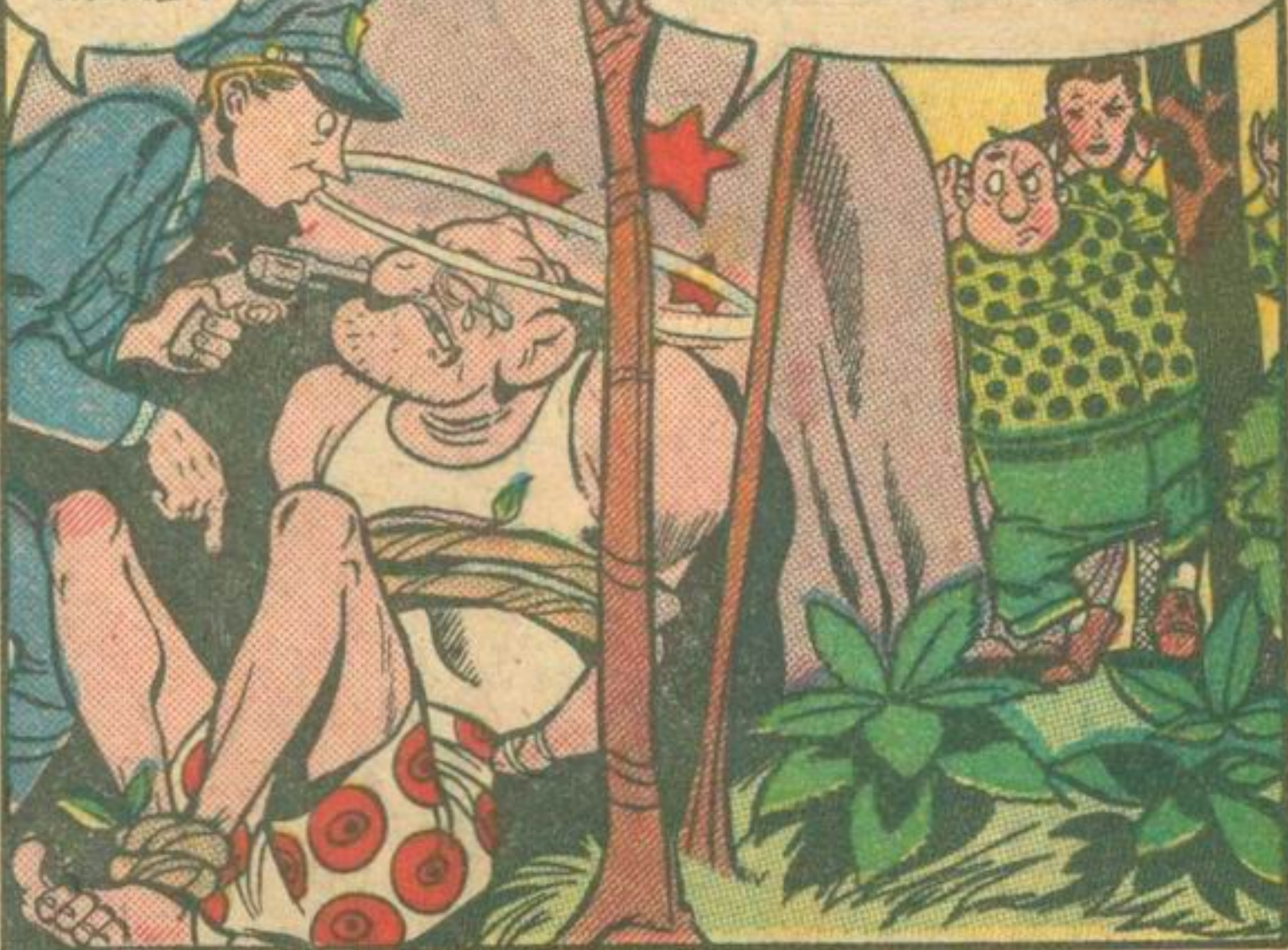
THE HIGHWAY'S JUST BEYOND...

HEY, MISTER!
UNTIE ME
LOOSE!



PLASTIC MAN
TOLD ME TO
FOLLOW YOU
HERE!

IT WAS PLASTIC MAN
WHO TIED ME UP AND
TOOK MY CLOTHES!
MOST EMBARRASSIN'!



YOU'RE MY
PRISONER,
GOOPSHAW!

I SEE IT
ALL NOW!



THAT MAN AT YOUR
HOUSE WAS REALLY
PLAS DISGUISED AS
GOOPSHAW! YOU
TRICKED ME INTO
SMASHING HIM WITH
AN AVALANCHE OF
ROCKS!

HUH? DID
THAT
HAPPEN?



FADE OUTA
THIS, COPPER!

DON'T
LET THIS
ONE GET
AWAY,
GRIZZLES!



HOLD HIM STEADY
SO'S I CAN...

YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST, BOTH
OF YOU!



PLASTIC MAN

HOW MANY TIMES
MUST I DO THIS?

NO! PLASTIC MAN
WAS CRUSHED
TO DEATH!

IT'S HIS GHOST...
OHhhh!

SHE'S FAINTED! SHE
NEVER KNEW WHAT
YOU FORGOT, WOZZY..
NO MATTER HOW
FLAT I GET
ROLLED, I ALWAYS
BOUNCE BACK!

LET'S WAKE UP
THE POLICEMAN
FIRST!

WHAT
HAPPENED?
ARE YOU HERE,
PLASTIC MAN?

I CAME TO
TELL YOU THAT THE
HOODLUM WAGON'S
WAITING ON THE
HIGHWAY!

LET'S TAKE
THESE PRISONERS
THERE TO JOIN THE
OTHERS!

LAWLESS
LANE

YOU'LL NOTICE WE HAVE A
POLICEWOMAN FOR A
DRIVER! SHE WON'T BE
LURED INTO LAWLESSNESS
BY ARTIFICE!

GO GET OUR CAR,
WOZZY! WE'LL GET
GOING, TOO!

SUNSET, PLAS!
WE'D BETTER
HEAD BACK TO
TOWN!

I HOPE WE
DON'T MEET
ANOTHER
ARTIFICE
ON THE WAY!

"POPSICLE PETE"

says BOYS-GIRLS, see
WILLIAM BENDIX

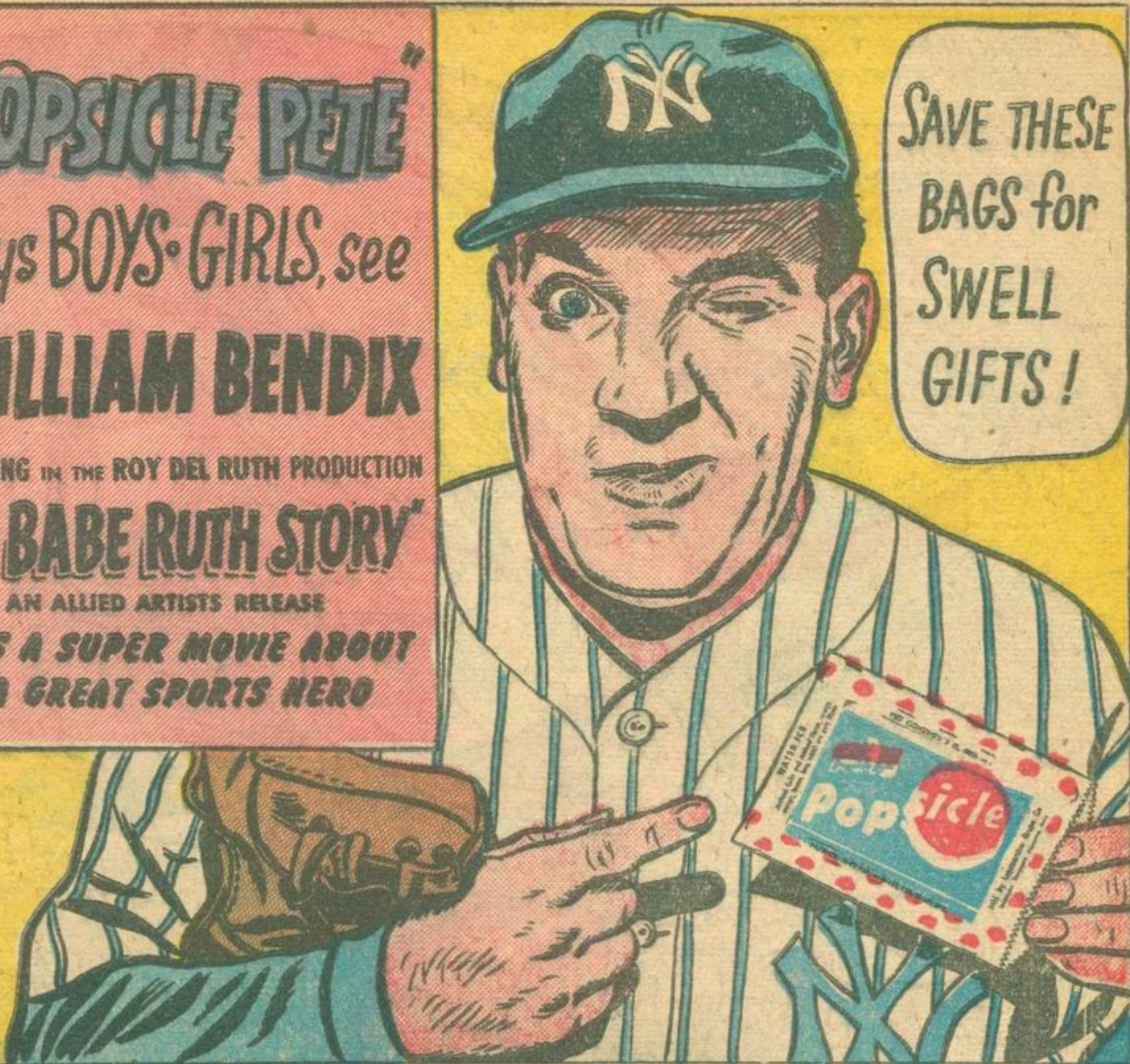
STARRING IN THE ROY DEL RUTH PRODUCTION

"The BABE RUTH STORY"

AN ALLIED ARTISTS RELEASE

IT'S A SUPER MOVIE ABOUT
A GREAT SPORTS HERO

SAVE THESE
BAGS for
SWELL
GIFTS!



ENJOY
Popsicle  **Fudgsicle**  **CREAMSICLE** 

and **SAVE BAGS**    for **SWELL GIFTS**

AND MANY
ICE CREAM
ON-A-STICK
PRODUCTS

"POPSICLE PETE"
SAYS



ALWAYS GET THE OFFICIAL
GENUINE BAGS —
THEY ALWAYS SAY —

"Save These Bags for Gifts" and also read
"Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."

HERE ARE
ONLY
A
FEW

Get your free list of all these wonderful gifts at your ice cream store.
Or write direct to Popsicle Pete at his address nearest to you:

NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
601 W. 26th St.

CHICAGO 10, ILL.
400 W. Ohio St.

LOS ANGELES 23, CAL.
2744 E. 11th St.

ATLANTA, GA.
325 Elizabeth St. N.E.



The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Our Magazine Readers



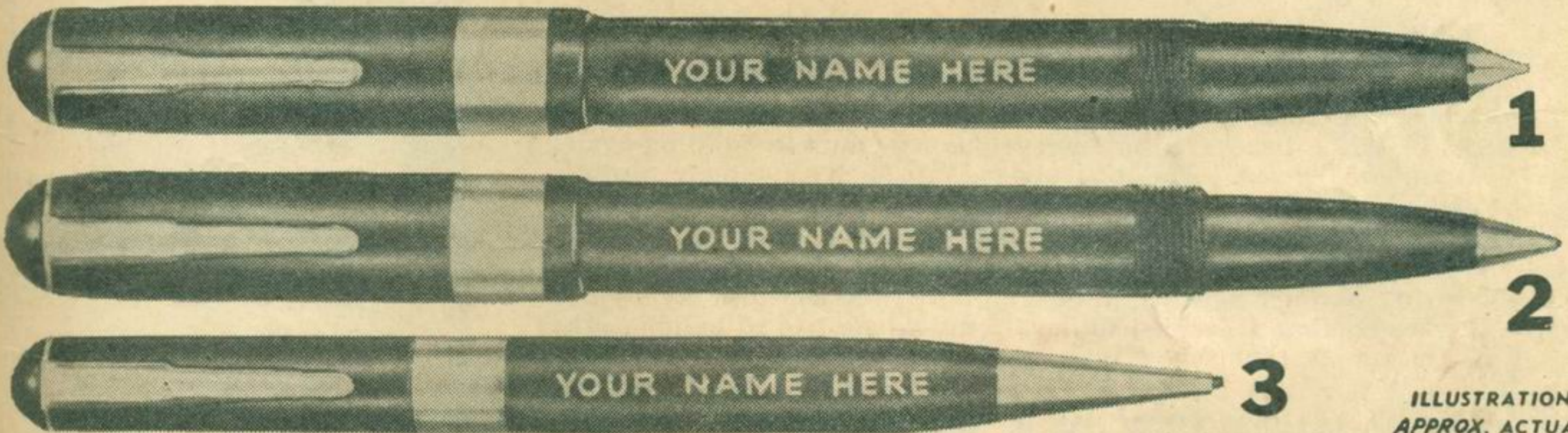
New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

WITH YOUR NAME EN-
GRAVED ON ALL THREE
WRITING INSTRUMENTS
IN GOLD LETTERS . . .

\$1.69

Factory To You



ILLUSTRATIONS ARE
APPROX. ACTUAL SIZE

1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guarantees steady ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

10-DAY HOME TRIAL ➡

FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE ➡

DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER ➡

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON ➡

Yes, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched factory-to-you value like this. The matched barrels are practically unbreakable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service, unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three writing instruments as our special introductory gift if you mail coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on the positive guarantee you can return set for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for yourself a new day is here in writing instrument value!

M.P.K. COMPANY, Dept. 53-L
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois

Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifetime plastic. Important, we will pay you double your money back if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! More important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all three, fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil, are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last your lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly without clogging. The greatest most amazing value ever offered. Your name in gold letters on all three if you act now. Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

RIGHT RESERVED TO WITHDRAW OFFER AT ANYTIME

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

M.P.K. Company, Dept. 53-L
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

Okay, "miracle man", prove it! Send PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL with my name engraved in gold letters. Enclose year's guarantee certificate. I'll pay \$1.69 plus few cents postage on guarantee I can return set after 10 day trial for cash refund. (Pay in advance and we pay postage)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

(Print plainly . . . Avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME).....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepleless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Devel-
oped Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J

115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....